

# The Listener

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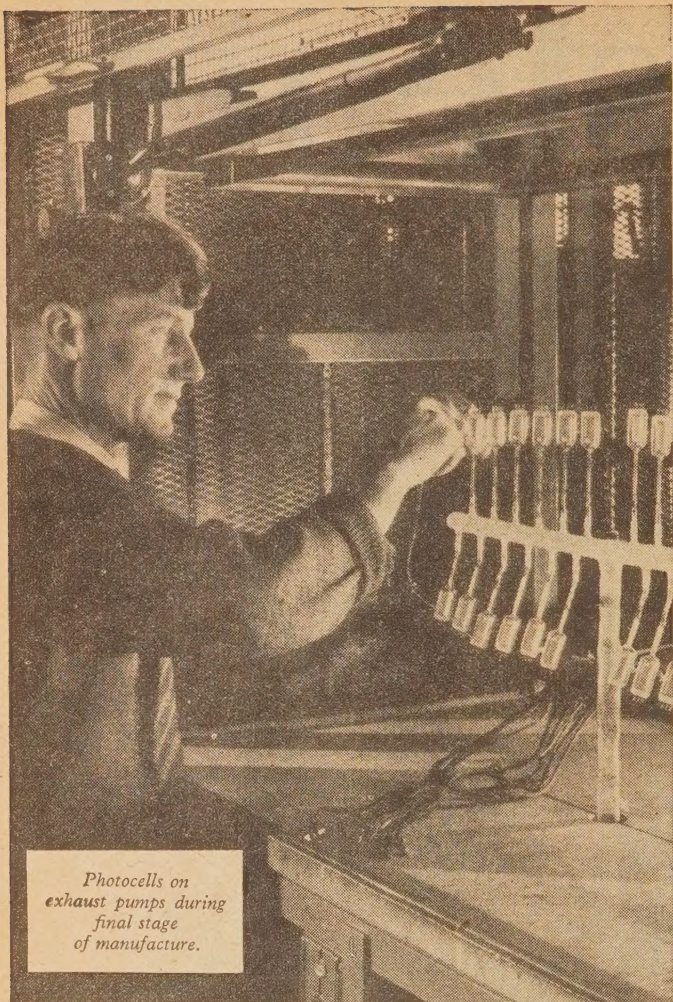
**In this number:**

**Insurance for Peace (Lord Ismay)**

**Understanding between Races (Rev. Michael Scott)**

**Bewick, 'the Burns of Painting' (Douglas Percy Bliss)**





Photocells on  
exhaust pumps during  
final stage  
of manufacture.

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# The Listener

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## Korea and the Future of the Far East

By RICHARD GOOLD-ADAMS

ONE of the great question-marks hanging over the political conference which is to follow the truce in Korea has always been: How much will it cover? When the United Nations representatives sit down with the Communists to talk about a permanent political settlement, will they confine their discussions to Korea itself, or will they range over the whole broad picture of Far Eastern confusion? This question is still undecided. When Mr. John Foster Dulles, the American Secretary of State, was asked for his views the other day, he replied with unusual candour: 'I have not yet made up my mind'.

It is not, of course, a matter which the Americans can decide alone. Their leading allies, particularly the British and French, must have their say, and the matter will also be determined, above all, by the attitudes of the two big Communist Powers, China and Russia. For myself, however, I am perfectly certain that the most profitable course will be to confine the forthcoming political conference to Korea itself. The problems connected with a settlement there are so great that it will be courting failure to try to go beyond them at the present stage. One of the arguments for trying to turn this meeting into a general conference on all the major outstanding Far Eastern questions is that this would give the delegates more room for manoeuvre, more chance of setting up a concession here with a bargain there. But to my mind this runs counter to the lessons we have already learned in dealing with the Communists. There has never, so far, been a 'general settlement' with them anywhere. All we have ever achieved (and that we have sometimes done successfully) have been local arrange-

ments locally arrived at, on the basis of a trial of strength—the outstanding example is Berlin.

In the Far East, there are, I think, five main problems in the relations between the Communist Powers and the free world. Korea itself is number one, the most urgent and the most practical. But, apart from Korea, there are the question of Chinese Communist representation in the United Nations: the problem of what is to become of Chiang Kai-shek's Chinese Nationalist regime on Formosa: the war in Indo-China: and—ultimately perhaps the most important, though sometimes at present forgotten because it is less immediate and pressing—there is the question of the future of Japan, its economic survival, and its status in Far Eastern affairs in view of the continued refusal of the Russians and Chinese to sign a peace treaty.

The signature of a truce in Korea is a great and welcome step forward. It is indeed the first and most essential step which had to be taken before any of these questions could be tackled at all. But the truce does not in itself solve anything. It only makes solution possible. Take, for instance, Korea itself. No one has yet decided even who will attend the political conference nor where it will be held. I have heard Colombo in Ceylon suggested as a suitable meeting ground. Nor is there any certainty whether the United Nations will continue to press for the unity of Korea, which is still their declared aim, or whether they will settle for a permanent division of the country along the present front line: and, if they do that, what of President Syngman Rhee, who so nearly wrecked the truce, and whose promise to reopen the war



if the political conference does not make satisfactory progress is no idle threat?

The question of Peking's seat at the United Nations is to some extent allied to that of American backing for Chiang Kai-shek. But I think that there is this essential difference between them: that, whereas the whole Formosa problem depends mainly on deliberate American policy (in the sense that if Washington were to withdraw or cut down its support for Chiang the problem would be half way to a solution), the question of the Chinese Communist seat not only affects every member of the United Nations but it could be settled without American assistance. Indeed, an American decision to abstain from voting will probably be the way in which the General Assembly will one day find itself admitting Communist China to membership—though, again, in so doing it will have to decide whether it is to unseat the Chinese Nationalist delegate (as I think will have to be done in the Security Council) or whether to have two Chinese delegates (as may prove the best solution in the Assembly).

That, however, should not, and I feel certain will not, happen yet. The Chinese Communists must do more than sign a grudging truce to show their good faith, and to make up for the ruthless war which they have been waging against the United Nations' own forces for the past two and a half years. But, until Communist China is a member and until there are proper diplomatic relations with Peking, I see no real chance of the kind of general *détente* in the Far East for which so many people so earnestly hope.

There remains the immediate and terribly difficult question of the war in Indo-China. A truce in Korea, if it is genuine, cannot fail to release more Chinese resources for helping Ho Chi-minh. But whether they will in fact be so used is another matter and by no means clear. On our side, the side of the free world, there are at present two dominant aspects of the Indo-Chinese question. One is whether, and under what conditions, the French may now attempt to reopen the negotiations with Ho Chi-minh which were broken off by the beginning of the civil war in 1946. The other is whether the allies, under French pressure but American leadership, will favour widening the scope of the political conference over Korea in order to include on its agenda some promise by the Chinese that they will cut down their interference in Indo-China.

It is argued in some quarters that concessions over Formosa and over China's seat at the United Nations might be bartered for China's agreement to an attempt to bring about a truce in Indo-China. Personally I think this is impossible. There has been no let-up in either Russian or Chinese propaganda about revolution in colonial territories, and I do not think there will be. If there is now to be a negotiated truce in Indo-China on the Korean model, the French will have to obtain it direct from Ho Chi-minh. And before they can even make the attempt they will have to strengthen their own military position. A truce in Korea does not in fact mean any immediate solution or relaxing of vigilance elsewhere in the Far East.—*European Service*

## The Rebuilding of Korea

By JOHN SHERWOOD

EVERY so often, a war correspondent's dispatch from Korea has given a picture of conditions behind the battle front. We have caught a glimpse of hovels built of anything from flattened beer cans to blankets, of people queueing at relief centres for meals, of children's homes struggling to provide for 75,000 war orphans, of almost as many adults permanently disabled. These were the symbols, in human terms, of the staggering problem of reconstruction which faces the United Nations now that a stop has been put, we hope, to the ravages of the Korean war.

This does not imply that nothing has been done already. While the fighting lasted, much relief work was being carried on with the help of contributions from governments and voluntary organisations in many countries, though the main contributor has been the United States. South Korea has been kept fairly free from disease, starvation, and unrest, and most south Koreans today are fed and clothed. The administering body for most of this work has been the United Nations Civil Assistance Command, known as 'Uncack'. It has imported foodstuffs, medical supplies, clothing, and distributed them free to the needy. It has helped to immunise almost the whole population of south Korea against epidemics. It has brought in fertiliser to increase agricultural production. In short, it has prevented the civilian economy behind the battle front from breaking down. This was Uncack's main task. It was concerned with the immediate needs of the area behind the Army, and it was responsible to the United Nations Military Command. But, with the signing of the armistice, the emphasis begins to shift from relief to reconstruction. And, as time goes on, we shall hear less of Uncack and more of another body: the United Nations Korean Reconstruction Agency, or 'Unkra'.

Unkra is responsible for the long-term rehabilitation project and reports to the United Nations General Assembly. Its immediate plans were laid months ago, ready for the long-awaited armistice which would clear the way for putting them into effect. And the list of these projects is in itself a pointer to the enormity of the task. Capital machinery must be imported, to set

industry on its feet again. Mines must be opened up, electric power plants, built, transport and harbour services restored. A lot is to be spent on education: apart from anything else, several thousand schools will have to be rebuilt or repaired. Then there is the problem of food and agriculture, with irrigation and land reclamation to be attended to, fisheries to be started again, forests to be replanted—the list seems endless. And, so far, Unkra has been able to plan in detail only for south Korea. The north contains most of the country's mineral resources, and once contained most of its industry and electricity resources, though air bombing by the United Nations has reduced the industrial potential of north Korea almost to nothing. The logical pattern for Korea consists of an industrial north and a rice-producing south, and any long-term plan for prosperity should clearly work on this basis. But will the political settlement allow Unkra to do so? For the present, political uncertainty must be added to all the other factors which complicate the task of the planners.

Fortunately, there is every sign that the task is being treated as urgent. When the General Assembly meets on August 17, reconstruction will be among the many Korean problems down for discussion. But, meanwhile, others are going to work on their own account. President Eisenhower has asked the United States Congress for \$200,000,000 for Korean aid. At the other end of the scale, the Austin Motor Company in Britain announces that Unkra has placed an order with it for 600 commercial vehicles, and no doubt firms in many countries have had a similar experience. The importance of Korean reconstruction has been recognised in the House of Commons, and by spokesmen of many voluntary organisations, national and international, which have already been giving valuable help in Korea.

One of the most hopeful signs for the future is this general determination to put Korea on her feet again. It is not enough to have stopped the fighting. Even the political unity of the country will not be enough in itself. The long-term task of the United Nations will only be complete when Korea is not only peaceful and united, but also prosperous.—*European Service*



# Insurance for Peace

LORD ISMAY on the North Atlantic Treaty

I AM speaking not as an Englishman but as an international servant of the fourteen countries which are bound together by the North Atlantic Treaty. These are: Belgium, Canada, Denmark, France, Greece, Iceland, Italy, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, Norway, Portugal, Turkey, the United Kingdom, and the United States of America: all independent sovereign states. When I became Secretary-General last year I confess that I had not grasped either the importance or the full significance of the treaty. It was not until I had studied it closely and had seen for myself the results which it had already achieved, that I became convinced—as I certainly am convinced—that it provides the best hope of avoiding the unspeakable horrors of a third world war—that it is, in fact, the best insurance for peace. I have visited nearly all the countries which I serve, and I have found that many people are still as imperfectly informed as I myself was. That is my excuse for the somewhat elementary explanation which I am now going to give you.

At the end of the second world war, the democracies, hoping and believing that the United Nations would prove an effective instrument for peace, disarmed as fast as they could. Soviet Russia did nothing of the sort. They maintained their armed strength at war-time level. They launched a world-wide campaign of lies and hatred against the free world. They turned the proceedings of the United Nations into a farce by unblushing use of the veto. They brought under their control, one by one, the countries of eastern Europe. The democracies realised that unless something were done, it was only a matter of time before the countries of western Europe were also overrun. How was the balance of power to be restored? No single nation could do this alone. It could be done only by combining. In that dark hour the North Atlantic Treaty was conceived.

It was signed just over four years ago. Its duration is for twenty years. It proclaims the determination of the member governments to unite in safeguarding the freedom of their peoples and their way of life. To unite: that is the key. And so the parties to the treaty have agreed that an armed attack against one or more of the partners shall be considered as an attack against them all. Just think what that means. It means that the United States of America have abandoned their historic isolationism from the affairs of Europe. You remember how at the end of the first world war they refused to join the League of Nations and withdrew into their shell. It means also that several European countries have abandoned their age-long policy of neutrality. You remember Sir Winston Churchill's observation in those grim, early days of the second world war. Talking of the nations who were neutral at that time, he said: 'Each one hopes that if he feeds the crocodile enough, the crocodile will eat him last: all of them hope that the storm will pass before

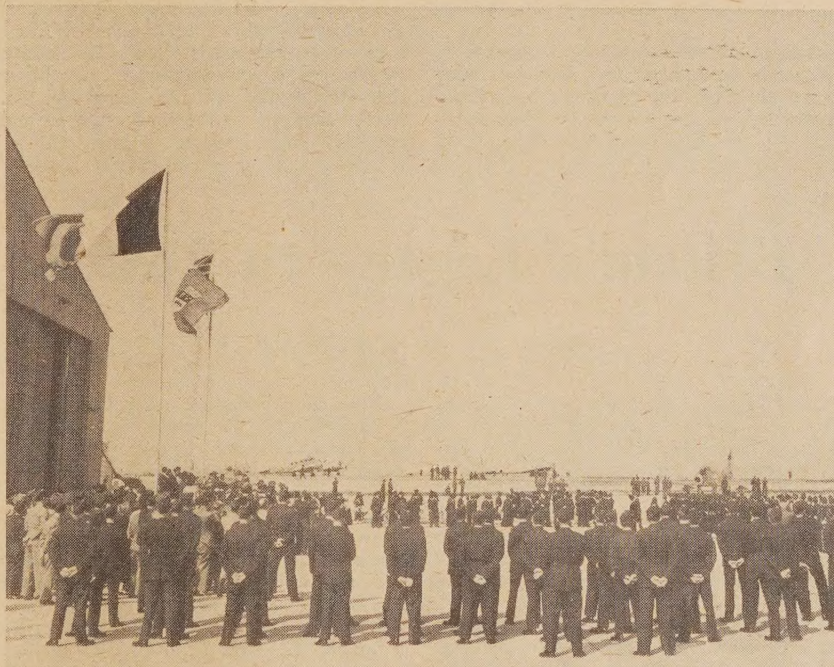
their turn comes to be devoured'. It did not work out like that, but the lesson has been learned. And we can hope that no future aggressor will be able to gobble up his victims one by one, as Hitler did.

But, if you think of it, a promise to stand together in the event of trouble would, by itself, have been just a brave gesture. It would, in fact, have been little more than a suicide pact—and certainly no deterrent to aggression—unless it were backed by armed strength. With this in mind, the parties to the treaty have pledged themselves to do their utmost to develop their individual and collective capacity to resist armed attack. True to that pledge, every single member of the alliance has spent progressively more money on defence each year since the treaty

was signed. Considerable American, Canadian, and United Kingdom forces are on the Continent, standing on guard alongside their European allies.

What is more, all the members of the alliance have agreed to a system of unified command, and have placed all their armed forces assigned to the defence of the Atlantic area under internationally appointed commanders, served by international staffs. Nations are as jealous of their armed forces as a mother of her children, and in the past it has required the impact of war to persuade them to commit their precious troops to the leadership of others. Now, for the first time in history, they have done it of their own free will in time of peace.

This has made it possible to prepare unified plans. It has made it possible for the forces of all the



One of the airfields in Europe now being used by Nato; it was built by the French Army in the French zone of Germany, and the photograph shows the opening ceremony when it was handed over to the Royal Canadian Air Force

partners to be exercised together in international manoeuvres on land, on sea, and in the air. It is a joy to an old soldier like myself to see them working together. They have developed real cohesion and mutual understanding.

At the end of some recent naval manoeuvres, a British admiral told me that he had had under his command a flotilla of destroyers, which consisted of one Belgian, one Dutch, one French, and one British ship. That flotilla had operated with remarkable precision at night, at high speed, and in foul weather. 'You would have thought', said my friend the admiral, 'that they had always served under the same flag'. And he added: 'The Nato Navy is no longer a dream, it is a reality'.

So far, so good. In the four years since the treaty was signed, the progress in building up the collective strength of the alliance has been greater than would have been expected. Nevertheless, our strength is still inadequate: and the harsh fact remains that the balance of power still lies with the Soviet, with their huge and constantly strengthened military forces. No one can divine their intentions, but no one can gainsay that their capacity for aggression—should they wish to attack—is immense. The menace remains undiminished. It is, of course, true that since the death of Marshal Stalin, the Soviet have shown signs of wanting to reduce the tension that so unhappily exists between the



east and west. This has led to some wishful thinking that we would now be justified in relaxing our efforts.

That is certainly not the view of a single government of the North Atlantic Community. They yearn, each and every one of them, for the day when they can spend less money on armaments and more money on those things which would bring greater well-being and happiness to their peoples. They are unanimous that every effort must be made to ease the tension, and that every possibility for reaching an agreement that would lead to peace must be untiringly pursued. On the other hand, they are equally unanimous that the improved prospects of peace are largely due to the very existence of the North Atlantic Treaty, to the spirit of unity that has been achieved and is ever growing, and to the exertions and sacrifices that have been made: and they have proclaimed that, as long as the fundamental threat to the security of the free world remains, it would be a mockery of all those sacrifices if they were now to relax their precautionary measures.

There is, of course, no question of piling up armaments beyond the barest minimum necessary for security. Every nation must make the biggest contribution that it can afford, but no nation must spend so much on defence as to risk creating the conditions which are such fertile soil for the growth of communism—hardship, poverty, and discontent.

Of course, you realise that there are other economic limitations to the armed strength of the alliance in the Atlantic area. In many places, forces of the free world are actively combating communism—in Indo-China, in Malaya, and until recently in Korea. These operations necessarily detract from our strength in the Atlantic area, but they are all part of the common struggle. Once we let the flood gates give way

in any part of the world, we know not where the waters will reach.

Because I have spoken mainly of armed strength, you must not think that the North Atlantic Treaty is a mere military alliance of the old-fashioned sort. On the contrary, it is, as Sir Winston Churchill once said, designed not only for immediate defence but for enduring progress. And it is implicit in the terms of the treaty that the North Atlantic Community should develop into a true family of nations, thinking together, acting together, and always helping each other over the whole field of international relations, even though the threat of aggression may have grown less, or even, pray God, have disappeared altogether.

It may be asked how this idea of a new Atlantic family affects Britain's and Canada's membership of that much older family, the British Commonwealth of Nations. The answer as I see it is simple. The North Atlantic family strengthens the general security and well-being of the British Commonwealth and *vice versa*.

The North Atlantic Treaty put new hope into the hearts of all free people. Since it was signed we have gained every day in strength, in purpose, and in unity. We are on the right road, of that I am convinced. There may be a long way to go: there may be rough passages; there may be frustrations; there may be petty quarrels among ourselves—these occur in the best-regulated families. That there will be efforts to destroy our unity is very probable. That further exertions and sacrifices will be required is certain. Nevertheless, when we look back upon the carnage of two world wars, the millions upon millions of treasure that were poured out, the misery and the agony and the waste, can anyone doubt that the premium we are paying, each according to his capacity, to ensure against a third—and far more terrible—catastrophe is very cheap at the price?—*Home Service*

## Britain's Legacy to Israel

By DAVID KRIVINE

FOR the past two years I have had an opportunity of learning a rather unusual lesson; I learned about the nature of the legacy that Britain leaves behind her when she ceases to rule a territory. And by learning this lesson I have been able to test the truth of a political belief which—when I dwelt in England—I could know only by theory and not by practice. I have lived and still am living in Israel, a country which until 1948 was administered under a Mandate of the League of Nations by Britain. The lesson that I learned is about the ultimate impact made by the rule of a colonial power on the people it has ruled.

When I first went to Israel I spent several months on a course in Hebrew for new immigrants. They came from many different countries and a large number of them from eastern Europe. They were being welded into Israeli citizens—being trained to become part of this new nation which has a common religion but mixed nationalities. In the evenings we would have lectures in simple Hebrew from visiting speakers about life and problems in Israel. One of them spoke about Israeli law; and he told us how in some respects English law (which is still a part of the complex amalgam that makes up Israeli law) was suitable only to a very developed nation with iron-hard conventions of behaviour.

For example, he said: 'In English law, if I sell you a house, and sign a contract to that effect, then the house is yours. But if I change my mind, and do not let you occupy it, you cannot have me thrown out by the police'. I could see the eyebrows of my fellow-students, newly arrived from Poland and Rumania, rise in perplexity. 'No', the lawyer went on, 'You sue me for breach of contract. And what shall I have to pay you? Well, so many pence for the stamp on the contract, so many shillings for the time you spent in signing the contract ...' The rest of his words were lost in a babel of wonderment and laughter. He resumed: 'You see, the Englishman does not normally break a contract, because he does not break his word. There are conventions of behaviour in such a traditional, stable society which the law merely needs to supplement. And here is a case in point. Once', our lecturer went on, 'there was a trial in an English court. And the judge, when delivering the verdict, stated as follows: "I find that the defendant is not guilty of the charge made against him. But nevertheless, after we have left this court-room, should I by chance meet the defendant in the street, I shall not offer him my hand"'.

Now, oddly enough, I never heard in all my days as a boy and adult in England that the British were more upright and honourable than other people. Proper, yes; but that is a sardonic form of self-approval, whose chief purpose seems to form the target for mockery and denunciation among Englishmen themselves. The foreigner, I was taught, viewed us as a Colonel Blimp, inarticulate, systematically low-brow, living extremely uncomfortably (as far as cooking, plumbing, Sunday observance laws and so on are concerned), contemptuous of other nations, and, above all, odd. I do not know whether such a viewpoint about the British is held among Britain's rivals and nations that grew up side by side with her over the centuries. But I can say, now, that that is not the way most Israelis see the matter. Believe it or not, political factors apart, one receives the impression that the administration set up by the British Colonial Office, when Israel was a Mandated Territory, was accepted by Israelis when they gained independence as competent enough to serve as a model. Israelis may have shaken their fists at the Colonial Office in the past but they do not, in reality, laugh at it or mock it.

In many small and not so small matters, Israeli administration continues as Britain began it. For instance, registering a letter in a Haifa or Hadera post-office is exactly the same process as in Hounslow or in Hull. The Ordinance on Workmen's Compensation remains in force today just as it was formulated by the Colonial Office—with adjustments of the benefits, of course, in accordance with price changes.

But the important point in Britain's legacy is the attitude left among Israelis towards what might be called a certain pattern of behaviour. From my own experience, I can say that Britain is taken as the sane, adult nation, and not a bit odd. And what strikes me is the fervour of admiration for the British people and the British way of life. I asked a medical-student neighbour in Israel who had visited Britain, why he so admired her. 'The place has character', he said. 'The people are good-humoured, courteous. You don't have to count your change, as you have to in some other European countries'. Another man, partner in a fruit-preserves factory, said on returning from a business trip to London: 'Wonderful, wonderful! When the Board of Trade says no, it means no'. (I thought, fancy a business man admiring that!) The owner of Israel's largest book-selling firm, after a long trip abroad, got his staff together, talked about all the countries he had visited, but



found the highest praise only for England. 'The number and quality of symphony concerts', he said, 'the size of the attendance . . .'

I really had not expected to find this attitude towards Britain in a country which had so recently and so violently torn itself away from British rule; particularly when the Israelis had developed such a strong feeling for the people of the United States who have given them very generous and constructive help in building up their economy.

### Lesson in Political Science

Israel, in fact, was the last place, I thought, in which one might expect to find a friendly feeling for Britain. There are always conflicts when one country is administered by another, but the situation in Israel was exacerbated by a particularly tragic factor. While Jews were being massacred in Europe, Britain found herself compelled to close the gates of Palestine to any Jewish immigrant of whatever kind. On the pros and cons of this devastating political antagonism, I do not propose to enter. It is enough to say that the Palestinian Jews had something against the British which I did not think they could forgive. I have tried to argue with them in the past that Britain's attitude was due to outside factors which could not easily be side-stepped. I was always defeated. People who are in a state of crisis cannot always consider outside factors.

All this gave me, I think, a lesson in political science, and this is how I work it out. When Britain departed from Palestine, many wiseacres (particularly in western Europe) scoffed at her seeming weakness, her decadence. It was commonly said in the *cafés* of France and Belgium that England, not Germany, had lost the war. And, indeed, I believe that not all imperial nations would have had the fortitude to hold their punches, bow their heads to the nationalist demands of a people that was not very strong compared to themselves, and retire from the conflict. Yet here is the paradox that I have found. It is the long term that counts. In the long term, all bluffs are called; and the real merits of the case become exposed. In the long term, it is the quality and sincerity of a nation's intentions that determine the legacy which she will leave behind.

And, in this case, the last victory lies with Britain. For the status, the prestige, the 'good will' (to use a commercial phrase) which Britain built for herself, remains. I learned in Israel to understand the full flavour of Mr. Nehru's words, when he was reported as saying that countries throwing off British rule should nevertheless endeavour to retain for a time the British civil servants. Since I have seen this legacy at work in Israel, I wonder if the same situation exists in any of the other places where Britain behaved in the boring, company-meeting manner that so bothers the Nietzsche of this world: I mean, the manner of discussion and compromise, civilian clothes, good sense, lots of talk, no loss of temper, and a total absence of the romantic, dashing, *Herrenvolk* magnificence, the act of defiance, the Hitlerian I-will-crush-all-resistance stuff (of which, I think, Ernest Bevin had perhaps a touch). What I have learned is that glorious imperialism in the fascist sense does not work: it is self-destructive and therefore infantile. The British practice of administering dependent territories towards self-government does work and is the adult way. I have the proof of it in the positive relation that Israelis retain towards Britain, which I think gives value to—and justifies—the British claim that they were administering at least partly for the benefit of the dependent people concerned.

### The Unmuzzled Press

This also should be said: the press in Palestine emphasised all the black side of British rule, and always interpreted motives adversely. A less mature colonial power would have muzzled the press: Britain did not. Was she foolish? No. The intransigents in the colonies who often roar and attack, who find that British colonial rule is corrupt, that civil servants are all bribed, that imperial policy is to keep down economic development, that British statisticians lie, etc., do not overlook the other side of the picture quite as much as they seem to. Integrity in a government (even under the tense conditions of colonial rule) wins, I believe, in the end. A predisposition exists towards things British in at least one territory, Israel, that passed through colonial administration and achieved self-government. That predisposition can be preserved and maintained if the British hold on to the best things in English life: the integrity, the calm, the courtesy, the justice, the democracy.

I believe that, in order to hold on to these things, Britain must hold on first to her confidence in herself. I know that I am unfashionable in giving praise to British policy and British administration. It sounds as

though, having left Britain to live in Israel, I have myself turned Colonel Blimp. But I see self-deprecation in that part of the world which holds the things I value most—western Europe, including (if I may) Israel, which has more in common with western Europe than with any other part of the globe. Britain's habit of understatement carries a strong appeal to Israelis far away, and no doubt to Indians and people in other territories further still. But, coming back to Britain as a visitor, I feel that that understatement must not be allowed to jeopardise Britain's inner conviction about the value of her own best standards—her moderation, tolerance, her loyalty to a pledged word. The responsibility that Britain accepts—to protect the interests of the weaker people in the Commonwealth—is not dismissed as a joke in countries like Israel. Nor will Britain herself deprecate that trust nor too lightly surrender it, perhaps, if her self-confidence is supported in these discouraging times by the knowledge that the smaller and new countries, precisely those in whose formation she has had a hand, take that trust seriously and hold in value the very qualities that fit Britain to be accepted as the trustee.—*Home Service*

IT IS NOW over fifty years since there was a systematic study of the British party system, years which have seen the replacement by the Labour Party of the Liberals as one of the two chief parties in the state, the disappearance of the southern Irish members from Westminster, the birth of the Communist Party, and attempts to create nationalist parties in Wales and Scotland. *The Party System in Great Britain*, by Ivor Bulmer-Thomas (Phoenix House, 25s.) attempts to fill a conspicuous gap in the existing literature of British politics, and on the whole succeeds in presenting a clear, broad outline. It also suggests further lines of enquiry which it would repay any student of politics to follow—a close analysis of the reasons that lead men to wish to become parliamentary candidates, the means by which they achieve their ambition, the continuity between old and new parties. It does not attempt to state the principles and policies for which the various parties stand, but concentrates on their action. The author, both as a candidate for, and member of, parliament, has seen the two major political parties from the inside. After a brief historical sketch of the development of party, not always accurate, but sufficient to set the subject in proper perspective, he devotes the major part of his book to the present organisation of the parties, and to the practical working of the party system. He discusses such important questions as the place of the party leader and the party conference in determining policy, the choice of candidates, the relations between members and their constituency organisations, party relations with the press, the B.B.C., and other bodies, and ends by examining important contemporary problems such as the emergence of party in local government, and the relation between party and individual members.

As Disraeli pointed out, without party, parliamentary government would be impossible: it was organised party alone which enabled parliament to acquire from the monarchy the right of designating ministers and deciding on measures. Disraeli further defined party as organised opinion, and Mr. Bulmer-Thomas rightly sees the development of this as the most pressing problem today, the loss of independence of mind within the party organisation. A hundred years ago, at least ten per cent. of a party often voted against their own leaders: today, parties govern almost every action of a member's parliamentary life as they also govern his election. Opposition to leaders and policy, or going beyond declared policy (the expression of individuality) leads to serious trouble, and may well mean forfeiture of party support at the next election. The author is certain that when there are differences on great public issues within a party, no ultimate good can come from stifling the fact. Further, able individuals are increasingly loth to enter politics through fear of becoming only a cog in a machine. Labour exalts party authority higher than the Conservatives; whereas in the Conservative Party, it is the prerogative of the leader to formulate policy, it is the meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party that takes binding decisions on policy, and that party is controlled by the party conference, which for the Conservatives is primarily a party demonstration. This raises a fundamental issue, for party conference dictation cuts at the roots of Cabinet responsibility in our system of parliamentary government. The two-party system is probably the best machinery of representative government yet devised—it normally gives well-defined, well-organised bodies of opinion, clear issues in debate, strong government in the present, and an alternative government for the future. Mr. Bulmer-Thomas decides against such 'logical' reforms as proportional representation: the present system corresponds to the instincts of the British people, and he believes these instincts sound. But, as he finally stresses, the system is not automatic in its working. In the last resort, it depends on the characters and personalities of those engaged in it. The spirit in which it is worked is of far greater importance than the machinery, and this spirit cannot be expressed in written constitutions and rules of procedure. The system may be imitated with exactness, but without that vital spirit it never has worked, and never will work, when transplanted to other countries.



# The Listener

## What They Are Saying

More foreign broadcasts on the Korean armistice

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

## The W.E.A.

THE Workers' Educational Association was founded fifty years ago this summer and we publish elsewhere in this number a review which was broadcast by Mr. Asa Briggs of the history of the Association written for the occasion by Mrs. Mary Stocks. Although fifty years ago the movement for educational reform in Britain was already well under way, the education of the ordinary child of a working-class family still usually consisted of eight years at a 'board school', often under an uncertificated teacher. Albert Mansbridge, the founder of the W.E.A., was himself a self-made man who could not afford to go to a university. The instinct for social progress was powerful in the first decade of the present century and took manifold forms. On the political side there was the Fabian Society and the Labour Representation Committee; on the educational side the university extension movement and the growth of Ruskin College at Oxford. The W.E.A. is indeed a fundamental part of the real history of our nation—if we forget for a moment war and the threat of war—which has today culminated in the Welfare State and our present advanced educational system.

But, like most voluntary movements, the W.E.A. had many a struggle before it reached its present respectable age. There was the first flush of enthusiasm under the generous impulse of the pioneers. A practical instance of that was the establishment of Professor R. H. Tawney's celebrated tutorial class at Rochdale, of which the present editor of *The Manchester Guardian* was one of the first members. University lecturers would trudge through the rain and snow to hold their classes in remote country villages, and there was little money until the Association enlisted the sagacious support of Sir Robert Morant. The aim of the Association was to give working people a chance to think straight and not to tell them what to think. The object was—and that was why the Association obtained support from such a wide variety of persons—to provide a non-party, non-sectarian education. But to some socialists and later communists it seemed to offer the wrong road to social improvement. These critics described it as 'a conspiracy subsidised by capitalists to dope the workers', and they preferred to thrust forward the draught of unadulterated Marxism. In these more recent times, too, objections to the movement were raised on the right as well as the left. The old *Morning Post* suspected that W.E.A. classes were often communist cells.

Another problem confronted by the W.E.A. during its fifty years of history was how to adjust itself to the changing circumstances of the times. There was, for example, the invention of broadcasting. Mrs. Stocks writes in her book:

Seldom has the exhaustion of a good hope been so strenuously resisted as was the good hope that men and women might be persuaded to cultivate socially the educational opportunities provided by the B.B.C. What she means here is that group listening was destined to fail, not that the many other wide opportunities for adult education were missed by the Corporation. She gives a telling quotation from Professor Tawney's presidential address of 1933:

There have been ages in which the inaccessibility of information to the mass of mankind was a major problem. Our own is not among them. From rosy morn to dewy eve, through the eye and through the ear, we are inundated with materials for making up our minds. What we appear to lack is a mind to make up.

Today, twenty years later, that remains the main problem of adult education. It places, as is generally recognised, a special burden on those responsible for the development of television.

WHILE COMMENTATORS ALL OVER the world welcomed the Korean armistice, the jubilation voiced in broadcasts from Moscow, Peking, and all the satellite countries was accompanied by a refrain which was repeated almost word for word in all cases. This was that the armistice was a victory for the policy of peace by negotiation and proved that there was no dispute which could not be solved by negotiation; and that it was a victory for the 'peace' camp over those who advocated a 'policy of strength'. Much play was made of Anglo-American differences: the Commons debate on foreign affairs was widely reported—especially the speeches of the Labour leaders, and the line emphasised was that the British people were tired of being 'under Dulles' thumb'. At the same time, Moscow broadcast many commentaries on the 'well-known tenet of the great Lenin concerning the possibility of prolonged co-existence . . . of the two systems—socialism and capitalism'. This broadcast, quoting *Pravda*, went on:

It is becoming increasingly clear that the vital interests of the capitalist States, particularly their economic interests, urgently demand the abandonment of the notorious 'policy of strength' being pursued by aggressive imperialist circles and a return to the policy of normal political and economic relations between nations.

Nevertheless, there must be 'high political vigilance' among party members and workers, because of the 'existence of capitalist encirclement, seeking to undermine the socialist State':

The activation of the aggressive imperialist forces grows as the imperialist world is increasingly torn apart by more and more acute contradictions. Capitalist economy is becoming increasingly unstable. The policy of unbridled expansion and insolent dictatorship pursued by the American monopolies is aggravating the insoluble contradictions between the countries of the American bloc. The most aggressive circles of the imperialists are thinking to find a way out of these contradictions by unleashing military adventures and by various provocations against the socialist and democratic camp, of the type of the insolent provocation by foreign hirelings in Berlin on June 17.

Chinese broadcasts hailed the Korean armistice as 'a great victory of the Korean and Chinese people in their fight against aggression and for peace'. The Americans had been 'compelled to accept the armistice' because they had been 'fighting an unjust war of aggression'. They had suffered not only a military but—more serious—a political defeat.

An east German broadcast, quoting *Neues Deutschland*, asked: after the conclusion of the Korean armistice, 'who among us can still presume to say that negotiation is futile?' On the contrary, 'there must be negotiations at once, before the forces of evil can unleash war on German soil'.

From the United States, the *New York Herald Tribune* was quoted for a comment which, after welcoming the truce, went on:

The signing of the truce inevitably brings a new period of testing for the countries that have fought together under the U.N. flag. The temptation to relax, to go their separate ways both in Europe and the Far East, will be great; it would certainly be disastrous if succumbed to. Moreover, the explicit, long-range objective of the war—the unification of an independent Korea—remains to be achieved. Every effort will be made to remedy this at the political conference to follow the truce; yet we should be realists enough to know that the best hope for unification lies—as it does for Germany—in a settlement brought about by the restoration of balance at the highest level, the relaxation of tensions and the return of the spirit of compromise and adjustment in the world. That cannot be attained without continuous efforts to build and maintain the free world's strength.

On July 30, the Soviet Communist Party decided to celebrate its fiftieth birthday (although July 30, 1903, was, in fact, only the date on which the second congress of the Russian Socialist Democratic Labour Party opened). Numerous broadcasts celebrating the jubilee of the party claimed that it was now 'the mightiest and most authoritative party in the world, an example to all fraternal communist and workers' parties' and 'the vanguard of the world communist movement'. Broadcasts on this theme particularly inveighed against a 'dogmatic approach to Marxism-Leninism' and against the dangers of the cult of the individual leader. 'Collective leadership' was the order of the day:

It is essential to eradicate the incorrect, non-Marxist approach to the problem of personality in history which was reflected in the propaganda of the idealistic theory about the cult of personality. The cult of personality is in contradiction with the principles of party leadership.



# Did You Hear That?

## ENCHANTING STOCKHOLM

'THERE ARE THREE enchantments about Stockholm', said BERTRAM MYCOCK in 'The Eye-Witness'. 'First, I think, are the children—nearly all sturdy, friendly characters, with china blue eyes set wide apart, and with hair flaxen to the point of whiteness. Second come the sea-gulls, pieces of sunshine that have grown wings and go wheeling and crying over the waters of the bewildering lake system that brings ocean-going liners into the shadow of the Royal Palace, and odd little fishing vessels to the walls of the Opera House. My third enchantment is the sculpture—exquisite little gems of statuary everywhere, as well as those solid monumental groups of a bygone time and, perhaps, of a bygone taste.

'And a British visitor cannot fail to notice that the Swedes are a tidy and sensitive people. I went by boat to the island of Drottningholm, one of the summer palaces of the Kings of Sweden. It is a place where Stockholm goes to picnic and saunter about the grounds. There was no litter—none: not a bus ticket nor a cigarette carton to be seen. And how startling that is to an Englishman, who knows for a certainty that at this very moment there is litter on Box Hill and Ingleborough, and even around the cairns of Great Gable and Scafell Pike, and every other summit cairn in the English Lakeland'.

## THE SURREY IRON RAILWAY

C. R. CLINKER described 'the first public railway' in a Home Service talk: 'The earliest known railways in this country date from 1597. They were private tracks on which coal-owners and others carried their products from pit head or works to waterside for shipment. From these, developed lines built by the canal companies through hilly country where it would have been impossible—or at any rate too expensive—to construct branch canals. They allowed the public to use their lines on payment of a toll, the carrier providing his own horse and wagons. It is a short step from this kind of railway to one which has been made specially for public use.

'On May 21, 1801, King George III gave Royal Assent to a bill incorporating the Surrey Iron Railway Company. The word "iron" in its title refers to the kind of rails used on the line—not to the fact that it was built to carry this class of traffic. Thus was born the first public railway to be sanctioned by parliament.

'Less than a month after the passing of the Surrey Iron Railway Act, the proprietors met at the Spread Eagle Inn, Wandsworth, and appointed the famous canal builder, William Jessop of Butterley in Derbyshire, as their engineer. The whole line was estimated to cost £33,000. Contracts were let and work started at once. The basin at Frying Pan Creek, Wandsworth, was finished in January, 1802, and by the autumn the line had been laid as far as Mr. Henckell's iron works in Garratt Lane. In August 1803 *The European Magazine and London Review*, under 'Domestic Intelligence', reported:

July 26, 1803. The Iron Railway from

Wandsworth to Croydon was opened to the public for the conveyance of goods. The committee went up in waggons drawn by one horse; and, to show how motion is facilitated by this ingenious and yet simple contrivance, a gentleman with two companions, drove up the railway in a machine of his own invention, without horses, at a rate of *fifteen miles per hour*.

'The horseless machine was not, of course, a steam locomotive. It was probably a sort of trolley propelled by hand-operated levers connected by cranks to the axles. With the opening of a short branch to Carshalton in the following year, the Surrey Iron Railway was complete.

'You can imagine these early railways were not quite like those we know today. The cast-iron rails were in short three-foot lengths, shaped like an "L" in section. They were placed about five feet apart, back to back. The flat portion—or foot of the "L"—provided a smooth and relatively level surface on which the wagon wheels could run with very little friction. The track rested on large stone blocks well bedded in the ground and placed under each rail joint. To prevent the track from getting jolted out of alignment by the continued passage of wagons, there were metal rods joining the rails at regular intervals.

'The advantages of this smooth wagon road over the normal rough cart track or cobbled street are obvious. Yet it was really only a refinement of the normal methods in use 150 years ago. A trial made in 1805 showed that one horse could draw at least sixteen wagons, weighing in all about fifty-five tons—a great improvement on ordinary road haulage. The speed would be about two-and-a-half miles an hour. The man in charge usually walked alongside the horse on the special foot-path provided for him, though no doubt

he took an occasional ride when he could. Even at this low speed, accidents occurred. Strange though it sounds to modern ears, at least three deaths occurred in Mitcham parish alone through children being knocked down or run over by the wagons'.

'When I walked over part of the site of the line, it was easily traceable except where building or other changes had wiped out the course'.

## K-CAB GNALS

'You get it with market-men, fairground folk, and the like—they are using slang all the time, as part of the job', said JIM PHELAN in a talk in the North of England Home Service. 'Then presently everyone gets to know bits: yob, for instance, means boy, backwards; lrig means girl, and so on. They are easy. But take the word "slop". From newspapers people come to know that the slops are the police. It is not as obvious as the others, but it is back-slang just the same. Spell police backwards and it is "ecilop". Now pronounce it, and it becomes "slop". Make it a plural and it is "the slops". That is how the slang grows and spreads. Presently those market people learn to use the



Stockholm: a group of statuary flanking the Hötorget



At the drinking fountain in a Stockholm park



slang as their everyday talk in their own pubs and *cafés*. They even have songs in slang—some of them very funny:

You permit for a cricket along with your pals  
To next week the Ben Lang and the K-cab Gnals  
Down our way

That sounds like double-Dutch at first, but it is all straightforward. Permit—sit; for a cricket—cricket-bat a chat. "You sit for a chat along with your pals". To next-week—speak. The Ben Lang—now, the Ben Lang is really the name for rhyming-slang, and it is rhyme-talk itself—Ben Lang, rhyming slang. The K-cab Gnals is the name for another kind of slang—back-talk. K-cab means back, gnals means slang.

'Many people think the K-cab Gnals is used mainly by thieves. But in every big city, in the meat markets, the salesmen used K-cab Gnals among themselves—for concealment, of course. Before meat-rationing days, joints of meat were sold by auction in the markets, just as turkeys and geese are sold nowadays at Christmas. It makes your mouth water to think of it: there would be a long line of salesmen, each with a crowd of customers in front of him, bidding for the joints. Now the salesman wants to keep the price up, not down, so each time he has sold a joint he shouts out what he has sold, and how much he has got. He wants the salesman at the other end of the line to know, but not his customers, so he tells it in K-cab Gnals.

Seven pound, seven pound of prime English beef, and I'm bid three-an'-six. Three-an'-six, three-an'-eight, three-an'-ten, four bob. Going at four bob. Sold again, rouf a neves, sold again.

He is telling the other salesmen that he has sold seven pounds of beef for four shillings. It is just K-cab Gnals. Now a customer at the other end who was hoping to get a seven-pound joint for three-and-six will not get it; someone else will just bid the price up until it comes to four shillings—rouf a neves'.

#### 'YOU MUST ASK MY FATHER'

'When a Guajiro girl reaches the age of about fifteen', said ROSS SALMON in a talk in the Home Service about a cattle ranch in the Colombian jungle, 'she is shut away in the family hut, and not allowed outside the door for six months or more. During this time the women of the tribe visit her and teach her to cook, to make fishing nets, to brew maize alcohol, and all the duties of a good wife. Then the father will announce that his daughter is ready for marriage, and some of the young bachelors of the tribe will bid for her, according to their strict convention. A boy will go to his family and ask them to give him goods with which to buy the lady of his choice.

'Perhaps the family will give him, say, a horse, a donkey, and two bull calves. So the boy will take them to the girl's father, but he will only present the horse at first; the donkey and the bull calves are hidden in a nearby thicket.

'He will say: "Father, I have come to bid for the hand of your daughter, and I offer you this magnificent horse". Father will say: "No, boy, it's not enough for the hand of my talented and beautiful daughter". So the boy dashes back to the thicket and brings out the donkey. "Very well, Father, I offer you the horse and this strong, willing donkey for your daughter". "No", says Father. "It's still not enough".

'Then the boy brings out the hidden calves. "Now I offer you the horse, the donkey, and these two selected calves from my father's herd. And that is all I have, Father, to offer for your daughter".

'That is their set pattern for bargaining. Until then, the father

always knows that there is more to come; but when the boy says: "That is all I have, Father", then the father must really make up his mind whether he will marry his daughter to this boy. He may refuse, hoping for bigger bids; but if he decides to let her go, the wedding is prepared.

'The womenfolk make maize bread, alcohol, and fish puddings, and the tom-toms beat out all through the night while the men feast and dance. Next day at dawn the villagers line up outside the mud hut while the father calls forth his daughter—for the first time for six months! He pats her on the head and bids her farewell and she runs slowly down the street to the cheers and shouts of her kinsmen. After a minute or two her bridegroom takes up the chase, and, when he has caught her and pushed her to the ground, they are deemed married. They return immediately to the village and start to build a mud hut of their own'.

#### SODOM TODAY

On the shores of the Dead Sea in biblical times stood the wicked cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, destroyed as a punishment at the height of their wickedness, and nowadays we rather take it for granted that those two cities were wiped off the face of the earth and never seen again. But, in fact, the city of Sodom still exists: it is 1,300 feet below sea level. Professor NORMAN BENTWICH visited it when he was in Israel recently and spoke about it in a Home Service talk.

'It was in April', he said, 'that I drove to Sodom by the great new motor road which has been engineered fifty miles down the sheer escarpment from Beersheba to the Dead Sea. We passed a board announcing sea level, and from there we dropped steeply down what looked like mountains of the moon, mounds of mouse-grey earth cast in fantastic shapes. We had a spectacular view over the steel blue waters of the Dead Sea, shut in by barren black and golden mountains over the desert expanse of the canyon which runs south from the sea to the Gulf of Akobar, and over the mountains of Moab and Edam which rise on the other side of the gorge, blue and almost mystic.

'Then, suddenly, in the midst of this fantastic landscape comes an industrial area. It is the modern works for extracting the potash, magnesium, and bromide which are held in solution in the heavy waters of the Dead Sea, with spreading salt-pans for two miles and channels to conduct the waters from the shallows. Paradoxically, the sea called Dead is today a source of life, inexhaustibly rich in fertilisers. Sodom is marked by a steep cliff of crystal salt on the western shore. Here, traditionally, is the pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was turned when she looked back. And the Dead Sea itself is called by the Arabs the Sea of Lot.

'Today they are mining the salt from the cliff, cutting it in great slabs and hurling it down to the beach, whence it is carried by lorry to Beersheba and so to all parts of Israel. In the face of the cliff is a grotto, and the sunlight gleams through a shaft at its far end to make a magic cave. Gomorrah is not identified, but in this desolate landscape there is one green oasis with palms and tamarisks which recall the Bible description before Sodom was destroyed—a plain well watered everywhere. The oasis is the site of Zoah, the little city to which Lot fled, he and his two daughters. It is hot in this pit of desolation, but Sodom has become the favourite place for excursions from all Israel since the new scenic road was opened. By the beach you have stalls selling orangeade and grape juice and beer, and a bathing hut with showers to wash off the sticky salt water'.



Sodom: the steep cliff of crystal salt on the west shore of the Dead Sea



## Toleration—II

## Understanding between Races

By the Rev. MICHAEL SCOTT

I AM asked to speak about toleration and understanding between the races, though I am not sure whether we have the words in the right order. There are perhaps many situations in the world where toleration will come only as the result of understanding.

In Britain, there are really no such strong internal conflicts that we cannot afford to laugh at them in ourselves and in one another as relics of the past. Sometimes, even now, we can be roused on matters which affect our pride and nationhood, whether we be Scottish, English, Welsh, or Irish. Today these rivalries are expressed in the field of sport more often than anywhere. But it might not be so if there were any fundamental inequalities or injustices felt. Some of these strong feelings we have about our own land and people are perfectly healthy and natural patriotism. Scottish people like their own dancing and music, and so do the Welsh. The Welsh are particularly gifted in music. It would be an interesting study to discover why some peoples excel in certain arts and some in others. The English are more noted for their literature and drama than their music, the Dutch for their painting, the Germans again for their music.

In Britain, throughout the violent history of our adolescence as a nation, there were many racial and religious controversies which resulted in the most bitter persecution and hatred between our peoples, who were racially very closely akin—if racial is the word to use of such small sub-divisions. The ages of faith were often ages of intolerance. The stronger the convictions of some of our forbears the more imperative it seemed to them to persuade other people, if necessary even against their own will and understanding. Better that a body should suffer torture and be burned on earth, than that soul and body should be burned for ever in hell through some false belief. But to try to force the will and the understanding is to violate human nature. The will and the understanding are part of the very soul of man and the most precious possession of the human race. They are the products of millions of years of divine creation and human evolution. It is no sign of faith, but rather lack of faith and lack of confidence in God and man, to want to impose a limited pattern of thought and culture on all human beings. Lacking faith in long-term creative processes, there are those who believe passionately that uniformity according to their own beliefs is the only way towards peace and order in the world.

## The Great Age of Persecution

We are not yet through the great age of persecution. Perhaps we are entering a new phase of it—that of political inquisition and thought-conditioning by means of propaganda and selecting truth. These are some of the new ways of attacking the human will and understanding, and ways must be found to counteract them. If people can be blinded by misinformation and led into false beliefs about their fellow men, through all the channels including this wireless and television that we have now, what crimes against humanity can they not be induced to commit? And the weapons for committing them are correspondingly more destructive and cruel. When false beliefs were armed only with spears or muskets the consequences were serious enough in history, but with the atomic and other weapons of destruction today our very survival depends upon preserving the integrity of the human will and understanding, at what ever cost to those who suffer for the truth's sake. Doctrines of racial supremacy violate the human will and understanding and can claim no biological foundation. Similarly, a theory of man as a creature of automatic responses violates the human will and understanding, and violates the values which flow from the conception of the human race in a divine creative will and intelligible purpose. These cannot be violated, as contemporary history shows, without endangering civilised existence on this planet.

But what terrors, what inhumanities of man to man, have not been committed in the name of religion and the name of Christ! These have been exceeded in our day only by persecutions in the name of race and politics. The organised destruction of the Jews in the west is paralleled by the organised destruction of the political opponents of communism in the east.

If Germany, with all her culture, and a comparatively small race problem, could be driven mad by the propaganda of a theory of race, we must face the possibilities for the future when the population of our world is increasing by 25,000,000 every year and our preoccupation with armaments is preventing our development of the natural resources of the earth, and there is consequent land hunger and over-population. When people are hungry and frightened, or even humiliated, they tend to fall a prey to the violent and irrational, though not only then by any means. These are problems for the politicians and the Church, and the universities.

But toleration, especially between races, is a product of understanding. These problems must be understood, and the peoples of the world must be shown how these gigantic problems of developing the human and natural resources of the earth can be dealt with, and they must know what we can do and should do about it, and can induce their statesmen to do about it. People are not tolerant of things which they fear and hate, or even of those whom they believe to be rivals for something which is vital to their existence.

## Experience with a City Council

I remember once I had asked a certain city council, in a country which has a problem of race in an acute form, for permission to hire the city hall for an African choir to sing before a European audience. I had to go and plead the case before a meeting of the city council. Its fifteen members sat round a horse-shoe-shaped table and asked questions each in turn. I had been living in one of the worst slums in the world, on the outskirts of one of the wealthiest gold-mining cities in the world. And I hoped by this means it would be possible to convey to people who really do not understand, although they live very near them, some of the great positive qualities which the African people have; and I thought if they were given the opportunity of expressing these, their abounding good humour, their great gift for music, singing, and rhythm, this might help to bring about a better understanding of their problems of existence by those who could, if they willed, do something about them.

I had seen the trend of these problems in the slums towards violence and race hatred on a big scale. There had been a serious race riot; an accident had apparently happened in which an African boy was run over by a tram and pinned beneath it; he could not be removed without a crane, which had been sent for. But no one explained all this to the Africans who crowded round, and when they saw the European driver and conductor walking about smoking cigarettes, they asked: 'What about the injured boy?' One of the Europeans said something like 'Wait and see, it's only one Kaffir more or less anyway'. With this, the Africans picked up stones and threw them at the driver and conductor, and then they began to throw stones at Europeans passing by in cars. Rumours were quickly spread in a neighbouring European township that there was a native rising, and the whites must protect their women. A gang of Europeans assaulted passing Africans (who had nothing to do with the disturbance) with bicycle chains, and they burned down a printing press which published very inoffensive vernacular African periodicals. That was the background, then, to the application I made to the city council.

When the city councillors had finished their questioning, one of them summed the matter up: 'So it seems you want to hire the city hall and put a native choir there on the stage to be admired by our white citizens. You want to teach our white girls to look up to and admire native art, music, and singing. This, you must know, is one of the first steps towards breaking down racial barriers, and bringing about miscegenation of the races'. So the application was accordingly refused because of the problem one so often comes back to: miscegenation. Would you like your sister to marry a native? This is taken by many people in Africa as a final answer, the justification for maintaining racial barriers and for 'keeping the natives in their place', as they say. Many of those who ask such a question are oblivious of the fact that the mixed race in South Africa has not come about through the desire



of African men to marry white women, or through any tradition of liberalism in that country, or through the teaching of the church about marriage. It came about originally through slave owners like Van Riebeck, cohabiting with their slave women. 'When I want more slaves I breed them', he is supposed to have said. And subsequently it has been mainly through European men cohabiting illicitly with non-European women. So that the question about our sisters is really rather misdirected: those few cases of marriage between African men and European women which have been blessed by the Church according to her teaching, do not account for the existence of nearly 1,000,000 people of mixed race in South Africa alone. The mixing of the races happens to some extent inevitably in any case, and is just as likely from a situation in which one race is oppressed by another, even if attempts are made to force them to live in separate areas, as in a situation where both races are enabled to progress and to understand one another, and to behave with self-respect and mutual respect for one another.

Clearly a strong cause of intolerance is fear—fear of competition in employment and the undercutting of wages by the use of cheap African labour. The only long-term answer to that is to regulate wages and standards so that those acquiring skills and trades and professions should be able to receive a fair wage, and live by common standards of civilised life. If people of one racial group prefer to live with members of the same group that is all right, but to enforce segregation, especially when one race is always relegated to the slums and shanty towns, is no answer to the problem, and must result in the undermining of civilised standards for a country. Disease knows no colour bars, and it is impossible for one people to oppress another without losing eventually its own freedom and integrity.

### Opportunity to Become Civilised

In Africa we have the task of building a civilisation which, as Rhodes said, will give equal rights for all civilised men. That presupposes opportunity for all men to become civilised. That means learning to appreciate the values of other peoples, and the contribution they can make to a life which owes so much of its poetry and drama and colour to the existence of variety. The reduction of all humanity to a mid-nineteenth-century European culture would not really be civilisation at all. Nor is it possible, in the conditions of a modern industrial state, to keep a race separate and organised in separate economic and industrial systems. Therefore, human beings have to learn to respect one another, and our educational system should aim at showing people why they should respect one another, what others have to contribute, and have contributed, towards our civilisation.

Again, it is not enough to understand. People do not want to be understood in any condescending sense. They want to be allowed to express themselves, to control themselves, and to work out their own destiny, though not necessarily at the expense of others; they prefer to stand up for themselves rather than be uplifted. That is the great problem of multi-racial societies. How can people be enabled to live and work together without their being deprived of so much that is essential to their own identity? Then the attitude of contempt on the part of one race brings its own reaction on the part of the other, so that they tend to reject even what is good in the culture and way of life of the oppressor in their necessity to free themselves from their oppression. And then it happens again in reaction that nationalism must come first, civilisation second, in the churches, in the schools, in the teaching of history. On the other hand, when we hear about the tragic consequences of racial conflict, we ought to remember all the pioneer work that is being done both by Africans and Europeans in trying to find a better way for the future than that of creating racial antagonism. Especially is this so in the sphere of medicine and education.

In Britain we have not the problems in the same proportion, but even here we should not think of toleration as an easy-going virtue happily possessed by people who have no very strong convictions about anything, and say 'live and let live'. Toleration in the world of the future will be a product of the will and understanding of whole peoples and individual people—an inward self-discipline and a faith, but not the faith of fanaticism and bigotry: faith in the divine intelligence and the kind of controls which come from an appreciation of the great differences and varieties in human nature, and the achievements and hopes of peoples and races other than ourselves for their own land and their own future.

The British Commonwealth may seem to some of us to be standing now between two fires in the great crisis of our age, but this Common-

wealth has to some extent already become a training ground for tolerance in the world. This is in itself of value in an age when the traditions of freedom are failing in many areas of the world, and in politics the resort is more and more to the weapons of force and fear. As the great struggle for freedom and justice goes on and assumes in Asia and Africa, we hope, more civilised forms and procedures, there is hope that the world will be to that extent enriched, that increasing numbers of human beings will have learned the inward discipline and art of tolerance and understanding.

### Racial Segregation No Answer

Racial segregation is not an answer to the problem of race relations. It seeks to postpone the difficult task of learning to understand one another and live at peace and work together, even if one's colour or smell or the shape of one's face is different. Segregation breeds mistrust and resentment, and so far from preserving so-called white standards of living may have just the opposite effect, through African labour in segregated industries being used to undercut white labour in white industries. In one industrial area I remember, which drew its factory workers from both white and coloured residential areas, segregation of workers in the factory had been carried to such lengths that separate exits and entrances had to be provided, separate cloakrooms and lavatories and canteens, and even for people of different races working at the same bench there had to be a small wooden partition erected between a white man and a coloured man. Sometimes a clergyman used to come round to the factories to conduct services, but only the whites were invited to attend. There was no language question involved, as both spoke the same. In many parts of Africa God is being mocked by the practice of segregation in the churches, though sometimes there is a language question, and a social question. But if people are good enough and clean enough to wait on one at table in one's house, bath one's children, cook one's food, they are good and clean enough to worship the same God in the same building.

But what is needed in Africa are more and more practical projects in which people of different race can learn in practice the advantages of co-operation; more schools and universities, where people can grow up in understanding and first-hand knowledge of both the good and the bad in one another, in work and in recreation. There really is no other way towards toleration and peaceful coexistence. It may be the hard and the long way, but the Bechuanas have a saying: 'The shortest way is the longest way round'.—*Third Programme*

## The Careless Anatomist

The statistical accountant  
Constructs a break-down  
Of the relevant  
Figures, the data known.

The anatomy lecturer  
On skulls and skeletons  
Unhooks the structure,  
Co-ordinates dissections.

The pale mechanic  
With schoolboy wits  
Repairs the brake,  
The big end blown to bits.

The breath of plants, that  
Takes air at noon  
To pieces, towards midnight  
Assembles it again.

Such nyctinastic ministry  
Demonstrates completeness.  
All kinds of chemistry  
Are my daily witness.

Why then shouldst thou,  
My fragrant scientist,  
Dismember all, and leave me  
Undone by love, not lust?

JAMES KIRKUP



# A Silent Revolution

ASA BRIGGS on the Workers' Educational Association

**T**HE revolution was far from being a silent one in its springtime. The pioneers of the W.E.A. were in a real sense challenging the *status quo*. They drew on a popular tradition in workers' education, which went back before the days of Chartistism, but they gave to the tradition a new vitality. The revolution, indeed, was launched with dignity in the summer of 1903, in the great hall of

may effect a revolution, but you will be trodden down again under the feet of knowledge unless you get it for yourselves'. The advice was taken. The number of class members increased, till in 1914 there were over 11,000 individual members, nearly 200 branches, and over 2,000 affiliated organisations. The *élite* was large enough to direct the fortunes of what had already become one of the most important and characteristic English voluntary organisations.

The story of the beginnings of the W.E.A. and of its subsequent growth is well told by Mary Stocks, but her book\* has some of the disadvantages of an exercise in official history and has been written too quickly to be really definitive. It is a faithful record of the story of the top levels of the organisation rather than a full assessment of a movement. She presents three main themes—three themes which provide continuity in the story. The first concerns method and approach. The association has insisted, in the face of great changes of national mood and social environment, on non-party, non-sectarian education. It has been criticised at various times for deviating from this central principle, but the critics have generally given themselves away more than the organisation. One critic from the left, the National Council of Labour Colleges, has persisted in attacking the principle itself. In a grim but somewhat over-publicised birthday greeting on the twenty-first anniversary of the organisation, it remarked that 'it is no fault of ours that you have reached your twenty-first anniversary; we should be much happier to attend your funeral'. 'We show our readers', it went on, 'that your education, and all education that is not based on the central facts of the class struggle, is false history and false economics'.

The W.E.A. stood firmly by the liberal method of teaching its members *how* to think and not *what* to think. It scorned dogmas and battled against slogans. At the same time, its curriculum rigorously excluded all vocational subjects as such and all pursuits designed to provide mere entertainment. The word 'mere' represents not so much a self-denying ordinance as a sense of social purpose, and anyone with the slightest acquaintance with the W.E.A. knows that there has been more than a fair share of incidental entertainment at every stage of the story. The W.E.A. has always recruited whole men and women and not students. It has believed in the 'glory of education' too much to make book-learning an end in itself. It has stressed the critical examina-



A. L. Smith, Senior Tutor and Dean of Balliol College, Oxford, talking to students at the W.E.A. Summer School in 1912

St. John's College, Oxford, at that time a stronghold of university conservatism; but its host was Sidney Ball, who was said to murmur 'Religion and the Republic' when the college toast was 'Church and King'. Once the organisation became a movement and stirred not dons in Oxford, but industrial workers in Rochdale and the Potteries, it soon captured the whole-hearted enthusiasm of its class members. So much so, indeed, that the young Tawney, the pioneer of the tutorial class, was bombarded with criticism by suspicious opponents and freely accused of turning respectable towns into smouldering centres of rebellion.

The subjects studied in the tutorial classes might be respectable enough, but the vision of the 'glory of education', which Albert Mansbridge, the founder of the W.E.A., proclaimed, implied a challenge: a challenge both to the narrow conception of elementary education which prevailed in the council schools, and the narrow conception of higher education which prevailed in the universities. The leaders of the W.E.A. urged workers to think critically about their position in society, to claim equal access—as of right—to the riches of the past, and to relate learning in the class-room to action in the world outside. All this was—and still is—revolutionary in its implications. It was explicitly revolutionary in Edwardian England.

But the revolution was to be responsible, and it was to aim at gradual permeation rather than at dramatic shifts of power. Mansbridge wished to see working men given the opportunity of thinking straight. The *élite* of the new association had to prove itself in the battle against privilege by its weekly essays as well as by its deeds. It had to learn that knowledge itself was power. 'You may become strong and clamorous', Charles Gore, the militant Bishop of Birmingham, told the members of the W.E.A. in 1909, 'you may win a victory, you



Albert Mansbridge, founder of the Workers' Educational Association



Open-air discussion group at a recent W.E.A. Summer School

\* *The Workers' Educational Association: the First Fifty Years*. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.



tion of the foundations and processes of thought; but it has also stressed the broadening of working-class horizons and the brightening of Britain's grey industrial background. Mrs. Stocks says little about this last point; perhaps it has become a platitude of the organisation. If so, it is unfortunate, for despite all the improvement in economic standards of working men and women in the past fifty years, we are still far from creating a lively popular culture. Preparing the way for such a culture would be a revolutionary task even in 1953.

### Indirect Political Power

Mrs. Stocks leaves unanswered some of the big questions raised by her statement of this first theme. Perhaps the most important traditional interest of the W.E.A. has been in the indirect acquisition of political power by those classes submerged in Edwardian England. But at the present time there are signs that there is a shift of emphasis in teaching towards the development of subjects of a cultural character. Perhaps this is because, while political power has been acquired, the fruits which it has yielded have not proved completely satisfying. The dream of the Labour Representation Committee has been achieved, while the dream of William Morris has not. Changes in the conditions of society, rather than changes in individual stamina, are responsible for the new emphasis. But there are few active members of the W.E.A. who would be content to support an organisation interested in music and art to the exclusion of social studies. Political power seems to them precarious, and it is certainly true that while the formal apparatus of citizenship has changed much since 1903, a lively sense of popular participation still needs to be fostered both in politics and in art. There is no reason why one line of development should be incompatible with the other. Indeed, both are conditions of a society where the working classes have really 'arrived'.

The second theme in the history of the W.E.A., about which Mrs. Stocks says a great deal, is the development of the partnership of voluntary organisation, universities, trade unions, and the Board—later the Ministry—of Education. This partnership is essentially English and it has been wise and fruitful, largely because it has never been confined too closely to set articles of association. Its success resides in the fact that each partner is never blindly or totally committed. Each holds just a fraction in reserve in approaching the rest. Sometimes, unfortunately, as far as the Ministry is concerned, it is a financial fraction which has been held back. The universities were the first partners, particularly Oxford, which played a key part at the beginning of the story. The famous report, 'Oxford and Working-Class Education', drawn up by a joint committee of dons and working men and published in 1908, is a basic document in twentieth-century social history, far more than a collection of second-hand generalisations, or a blue-print of an administrative plan. It stated that: 'The demand now made by the work-people for the opening of the universities is not the outcome of merely fugitive conditions'. It had behind it a great mass of experience and it could only be satisfied in the future by the creation of an entirely new relationship between universities and people. That relationship would not be one-sided. 'A living university is not a self-contained and independent unit, but an organ of society growing with its growth and nourished by its vitality'.

The Oxford report marked the beginning of a fruitful period of co-operation between the universities and the W.E.A. There have been occasional strains, and even conflicts, between the W.E.A. and some of the newly-formed university extra-mural departments, but it was impressive and encouraging to see many representatives of the universities at the jubilee conference at Harrogate. It was there that the colourful phrase 'university with an off-licence' was coined to describe the W.E.A. Certainly there is no other country in the western world where the relationship between workers and universities is so close.

The trade unions are more recent partners in the joint enterprise, although they now exert great influence. In the pioneer days of the W.E.A. they provided many of the tutorial class members and some of the active leaders of the organisation, but, being more conservative than the universities, they took longer as institutional bodies to realise the potentialities of the new association. The first trade-union grant to the W.E.A. was as important in the history of adult education as was the first government grant-in-aid to elementary education in the nineteenth century. Mrs. Stocks devotes considerable attention to the increasing stake of the trade unions, financial and otherwise, in the W.E.A. In her last chapter, on the post-war years, she shows how the generous provision of funds saved the W.E.A. from financial disaster. She makes it clear that it is the contribution of the unions which differentiates the W.E.A. from other organisations in the field of adult education. But

she only touches cautiously and lightly on some of the problems raised and opportunities afforded by increasing trade-union influence.

The fourth partner in the enterprise—the Ministry of Education—sometimes strikes the rank-and-file members as being more wayward and fickle than the other two, but without the Ministry the work of the W.E.A. would become immensely more difficult. It might indeed be completely paralysed. Relations with the Board of Education, as it was called till 1944, go back to Edwardian England. As early as 1907 Sir Robert Morant, the civil servant who designed the great Education Act of 1902, declared that he was 'looking for guidance from such an association . . . to show us the way in which adult education can best be furthered'. He admired the methods and objectives of the W.E.A. and went on: 'we believe it is to small classes, and solid, earnest work that we can give increasingly of the golden stream'. The phrase 'golden stream' is somewhat cryptic: it suggests a magician rather than an administrator. But the Board of Education did provide a 'golden stream', which flowed a little sluggishly in periods of public economy campaigns, but has never at any time dried up.

I have made much, in this talk, as Mrs. Stocks does in her book, of this second big theme—the evolution of a twentieth-century partnership. It is a partnership which never ceases to amaze foreign observers of English educational institutions. Indeed, it would be useful to have a further book on the comparative history of workers' educational movements in different countries. Perhaps at some stage the young International Federation of Workers' Educational Associations, set up in 1945, may provide it. The English contribution can then be even more clearly defined.

The third central theme in Mrs. Stocks' book is the story of the W.E.A. seen in the perspective of the vast national educational changes of the past fifty years. Not long before the W.E.A. was founded, a working-class witness told a Royal Commission that 'it would be next to expecting a boy out of the London board schools to take wings as to expect him to advance by his own efforts to the university'. At the beginning of the new century, only about six children out of 1,000 from elementary schools went on to secondary schools. In the course of fifty years, though the educationally under-privileged have not completely disappeared, the general picture is quite different. Bright boys and girls can certainly reach the universities, no matter where they start. It is no longer true that the educational ladder is like a greasy pole, where even agile climbers fall off before reaching the top.

The W.E.A. has acted as an influential pressure group struggling to secure the educational reforms which have revolutionised schools and universities, but Mrs. Stocks never makes it completely clear why the provision of ladders by no means eliminates the work of the W.E.A. And yet it has always seemed to me, even in changed conditions, that the essential message of the W.E.A. is a very simple one. Education is for all, not for the few. It is not a battle of wits, but a co-operative venture. This is the working philosophy of the tutorial class. Education is not simply a matter for boys and girls at school, but for mature adults with experience of life. Education is not merely concerned with bread-winning or with raising productivity, but with making life worth living, a richer and a fuller life than that lived by very large numbers of our population.

### Need for Voluntary Action

The need for a Workers' Educational Association—a lively voluntary body and not merely an adjunct of state, local authority, trade union, or even university—is as real now as it was when the national educational system was permeated with privilege in 1903. The need is for the energy and the driving force of a genuinely popular movement, and for the critical examination by mature workers of the society and the polity in which they vote and work and, most important of all, live. At the same time, the role of the W.E.A. is somewhat different in 1953 from that in 1903. It has to supplement national educational facilities rather than to act as a substitute for them. In other words, it has to do its own job rather than somebody else's. Its enemy is apathy as much as privilege. I believe that it is dangerous to try to circumscribe too closely the frontiers of the job to be done. Much of the recent controversy about the W.E.A. has been too technical and narrow. Statistics have been hurled about from side to side with more zest than effect. The quest for definitions—for what we mean by 'worker', for instance—has been pursued with the single-mindedness of medieval schoolmen. The future of the W.E.A. depends on the energy of its branches: their activities should be examined by social historians, but not restricted too closely by critics and educational theorists.—*Third Programme*



# Ends and Means

By DOUGLAS VEALE

**R**ECENTLY there was a talk in the Third Programme about the functions of a university in the modern world.\* The speaker was reporting on a conference about the reorganisation of the German universities. The weight of that conference, as you might expect, was on the way to liberalise university education. Recently, too, representatives of more than 100 universities, members of the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, met at Cambridge for their quinquennial congress. The weight of this conference was on ways and means, rather than ends. Nearly every university was represented by its vice-chancellor as well as by other delegates, and it was an impressive gathering, well calculated to bring home to its members how tough the invisible ties are which bind the British Commonwealth. The presence of ten presidents of American universities, sent by the Association of American Universities, was striking. I think that they came really at their own suggestion. They were all the more welcome on that account. We discussed with them at a meeting of executive heads of universities, held at Durham in the week before the Cambridge meeting, whether there should be some sort of formal association between the British and American bodies. We decided in the end that though joint meetings were good for us, good for them, and good for the world, we would prefer not to merge our individuality in any wider association. And the Americans agreed with this view. The success of our present meeting, however, was conclusive as to the value of such meetings, and we agreed that they should be renewed from time to time.

One worry of universities throughout the Commonwealth and in the United States for several years has been their growing dependence on direct grants from public funds. Almost no university represented at the congress obtained less than fifty per cent. of its income in that way, and most of them more. On all sides the fear has been felt that this would lead to state control and the loss of academic freedom. Our discussions were reassuring on this point. And I ought to say that these discussions were not confined to the conference room. They went on all over the place. Most of us lived in undergraduate quarters, and we talked shop most of the time—in the queues for the bath-rooms, at meals, in the gardens, everywhere. So not everything I am trying to report here will be found in the published records of the congress. If I misrepresent the facts the fault, therefore, is my own.

## Sanctity of Academic Independence

In the United Kingdom, the sanctity of academic independence is taken for granted; and since we do not have to defend it, we do not trouble to define it either. No citizen is seriously afraid that he will not be allowed to think what he likes and say what he likes and even write what he likes, with this reservation only, that he must not say or write what he does not personally believe, in order to promote his own or someone else's purposes. And it would be absurd to suppose that anyone is more likely to lose this liberty if he works in a university than if he does not. The real risk is that the state will interfere in programmes of teaching and research and in the selection of students. If all advances of knowledge were the result of pure reasoning, the liberty to think and speak and write could not be endangered in that way. But in fact knowledge is advanced by experiments and study which nowadays need expensive facilities. Among these facilities are expensive people. However personal a piece of research may be, no one can find in his own brain, or even in a library, all the knowledge needed for it. He must have colleagues to whom he can turn for what he lacks himself. What the universities have been afraid of is that governments would be forced by public opinion to give the universities only enough money to produce—or try to produce—the results the public immediately wants; and since not even the researcher himself knows, when he begins a piece of work, exactly where it will lead him, government interference could well be disastrous to the progress of knowledge.

We had the clearest evidence at the congress that all governments in the Commonwealth and the United States were well aware of this

risk and desired to avoid it. Some control is inevitable when public money is taken; but the extent and form of it seemed to depend upon the habits of governments. In the United States, the habit of Congress when voting money is to write into the appropriation, as it were line by line, what it is to be used for. In England we use the more happy-go-lucky block grant. The habits in other parts of the Commonwealth seemed to lie on the whole between these extremes, with a bias towards the British habit. And all governments alike seemed to be seeking ways of avoiding direct control. For instance, a plan is under discussion in the United States whereby universities would get no direct public grants but would collect in fees enough money for all their needs, the student being helped by public funds to pay them and being allowed free choice of university. Any such plan is open to some obvious objections, such as the risk of universities introducing undesirable courses or lowering their standards in order to attract students. I quote it merely because the mere fact that it has been discussed is evidence of the point I am trying to make.

## How Universities are Administered

But it is not enough to rely upon the good intentions of governments. They need to be encouraged and helped to live up to them. And so the universities must be efficient in order not to be exposed to the criticisms that properly fall upon inefficiency, however high-minded it may be. They must also be strong enough to defend themselves if they are attacked. On both the accounts that I have mentioned, therefore, they need competent and firm administration. How are universities in fact administered? In the United States control of policy is centralised in the hands of the presidents and the boards of trustees. Since the academic staff is not usually represented on the boards, the academic needs of the university have to be interpreted to the board by the president alone, and this gives him much greater power than vice-chancellors and principals have in the United Kingdom. At Oxford and Cambridge the vice-chancellors are neither full-time nor permanent officials. They combine the positions of executive head of their university with the headship of a college and they hold office at Oxford for three and at Cambridge for two years only. The control of policy is wholly in the hands of the academic staffs, and the full-time administrators are officials and nothing more. In the Scottish and the civic universities, the vice-chancellors are full-time and permanent but the academic staff is strongly represented on the councils.

Naturally, the Oxford and Cambridge tradition has influenced all the Commonwealth universities, though in applying it, the overseas universities have either anticipated or followed the methods of the British civic universities. But still the problem of all the British Commonwealth universities is to secure competence and firmness without making their academic staffs give so much time to administration that their teaching and research suffer; and the problem for the Americans is to ensure that academic needs are not subordinated to administrative efficiency. No university claimed to have evolved a perfect balance of powers and probably no one ever will. The fact remains that experience in the United States shows how easily, in the scramble for fees, grants, and benefactions, universities can fall under the sway of administrators. But, to my way of thinking, the hope that any tendency to go too far in that direction (or indeed in the other) can, if everybody keeps awake, be checked as soon as it is observed, is an illusion. The process, if once allowed to start, is so insidious that it grows unobserved.

One result of all this is that, in the British Commonwealth, there are upwards of 100 universities of really first-rate quality. And this has one very important consequence. Men of learning are no longer concentrated in a few places. For various reasons, such as citizenship, the occurrence of vacancies, or the availability of material for study, pre-eminent specialists are spread all about the Commonwealth. Naturally other scholars wish for chances to study under them, and they themselves wish for chances to meet other pre-eminent specialists working



in allied fields. The written word in books and articles can never take the place of day-to-day intercourse. Therefore one of the problems which constantly recurred in our discussions was how to promote the mobility of scholars of all ages and standing. The trail has been blazed by the Fulbright scheme, Nuffield scholarships and fellowships, Goldsmiths travelling scholarships, and similar beneficent provisions.

In this connection I must refer in passing to a recent experiment made by the Goldsmiths' Company. It has awarded two scholarships this year to young post-graduate students to go from this country to African university colleges to live as undergraduates there along with the African undergraduates and pursue studies for which special facilities are available. Similar awards are likely to be offered again next year. But such schemes have not solved the problem, they have only proved that it is soluble; and the necessary solvent is money. Travel nowadays is quick but terribly expensive. And so the congress resolved that the constituent universities should try to secure that their governments should contribute handsomely to a common pool of money to promote mobility; I think that governments will probably take a good bit of prodding. We also resolved that the universities themselves should help by such measures as making superannuation provisions transferable, and doing something for the schooling of children who accompany their parents on visits or temporary secondment.

Up to this point we had been discussing how universities can secure proper conditions for teaching and research. We next discussed what sort of men and women universities ought to aim at turning out, and what subjects of study best advanced that aim. Everyone agreed on certain qualities such as precision, clarity of thought and expression, the power to weigh evidence, and integrity of mind as basic in the make-up of an educated man; and there was nothing very novel about that. Nobody denied that scientists could acquire these qualities in a high degree from their training. Even the sense of beauty may be stimulated by a well-conceived scientific experiment. But all the scientists who spoke agreed that to acquire those qualities was not enough. They did not lead to any sense of moral values. It was one of the chief claims to glory of the old classical training which had predominated in education until the beginning of the present century, that it did give men that sense, without which no one is fit to be a leader in a free community. But the first-rate scientist who intended to apply his knowledge in industry could not do without it either, if only, to put it no higher, because he has to persuade industry to invest vast sums in giving effect to his ideas.

Nobody claimed that there was any kind of training which would produce these qualities in a person for whom nature had done nothing. Though, no doubt, the classics used to produce a higher proportion of such people than any other single discipline does now, that, it was argued, was when they had a monopoly of the best material. Now most of the best material was being attracted to science. It was, therefore, the duty of the universities to foster those qualities in scientists. Examples were given—not altogether convincing ones—of the ways in which scientists, with this duty in mind, are introducing some study of the humanities into their courses, so as to produce highly trained specialists in science without putting them in blinkers. The problem has not yet been solved, but it is at least on the way to being defined. Perhaps the next congress may find itself on the way to a solution. Industry itself is recognising the need. It no longer demands that the universities should turn out fully trained technologists. That is recognised to be wasteful because it demands longer, even more specialised, undergraduate courses, to act as forcing houses for immature minds. The universities are now asked by the most enlightened industrialists to send into industry graduates trained in the fundamentals, who, after practical experience of its problems, will be sent back to the universities for further training in research.

But in spite of the lures of science, the fact remains that not all students are, or ought to be, scientists. Man's natural curiosity is not limited in its range. Latin and Greek in this country, Hebrew, Sanskrit, and Arabic elsewhere, are 'classical' studies. A classic was defined as a work of permanent value—something which has been done once so well that it can never be done better, and which is therefore worthy of study as an example of excellence. The study of classics, also, gives man a sense of the past and so throws light on the problems of the present. Greek and Latin are all the better for being 'dead' because ancient Greece and Rome can be studied from their beginning to their end. As one speaker put it, the student can observe in them the morbid pathology of a dead civilisation. This helps to make modern problems clearer, though it does not make them easier to solve.

Can these virtues of a classical education be injected into other disciplines both humane and scientific? Some speakers thought that this could be done by inspiring teachers, if enough of them could be found. Others thought that the answer was to be found by curing the defects in our methods of selecting students—a topic discussed at length. But I think that we all agreed in our hearts with the Vice-President of India, who said that there was nothing wrong with science or any other subject as a training. What is wrong is the spirit of man. Our practical success is moulding our thoughts, and what we need is to recognise truth and beauty as parts of one divine conception.—*Third Programme*

## Villanelle

Time flakes. She leaves. The residue appals.  
The warm derisive beauty fades from sight.  
The dry beauty of the shadow falls.

Still, that dry beauty haunts, an inward rite:  
Beyond his ears in strange refracted calls,  
The warm derisive beauty fades from sight.

She stalks him then through tired intervals  
And through the silent clamour of the night  
When the dry beauty of the shadow falls.

In milk-bars when the green and curdled light  
Is poured like some emulsion from the walls  
The warm derisive beauty fades from sight.

He flinches from her face in dancing-halls;  
She makes a mocking sacrament of flight;  
While the dry beauty of the shadow falls.

Along her mouth, hatched at the last with spite,  
A smile, the mouth's corrosion, crawls.  
The warm derisive beauty fades from sight.

And now and always these memorials  
Crumble between his fingers being slight:  
The warm derisive beauty fades from sight,  
The dry beauty of the shadow falls.

IAIN FLETCHER

## Journey to the Capital

For that great journey in one day,  
I must snatch out from vivid night  
Three circus hours, and drain them grey,  
Or flood them with fierce hurting light,  
Hurrying and stumbling to get away  
Out of the black house, while the red  
Sun still hides on the quiet sea-bed.

Then I must sit for twelve hours full,  
In trains' bee-brown and golden, while  
Blue coupled engines roar and pull  
That fuming bright snake mile by mile  
Down the east coast, and I watch all  
The rocks slouch down, under the soil,  
And the stern moor turn arable.

Then out of the dead train I climb  
At the slow violet close of day:  
And catch the velvet church-bells' chime,  
And stand in vacant tired dismay  
Among brown buildings soft with grime,  
Lost at some corner, or lamp-post,  
A gallows: and I seem the ghost.

JOHN HOLLOWAY



# A Garden in Touraine

By DAVID GREEN

**I**N matters of garden design the late Dr. Carvallo, who owned the Loire *château* of Villandry, was an extremist. It was his contention that the seigneur of the sixteenth century knew and practised the secret of the civilised domestic life, and that subsequent generations had neglected and ignored it as barbarously as our own ancestors had turned their backs on the centrally heated villas bequeathed them by the Romans.

In sixteenth-century France, argued Dr. Carvallo, as each storey of one's *château* had its prescribed function, so had the corresponding levels of the grounds. The Court of Honour led directly to the principal floor whence, on the south, one stepped out on to the sand of a perfectly kept pleasure garden; while the *potager* was kept not only at a distance but at a lower level, the level of the undercroft and the Base Court, where the more humdrum business of the *château*, its staff and its animals, was carried on. As for the upper storeys of the *château*, if as at Villandry the natural contours favoured them, there would be garden terraces at each level, affording long, circumambient walks between lime and vine, hornbeam and honeysuckle, with every so often a glimpse of the orderly and elaborate gardens below.

I think Dr. Carvallo might very reasonably have taken as his motto (and taken literally) St. Paul's reminder to Timothy that 'in a great house there are not only vessels of gold and of silver but also of wood and of earth; and some to honour and some to dishonour'. To ignore it—to destroy that feudal system of levels and admit Nature to one's garden instead—meant chaos, gardens no better than meadows and, in the end, cows thrusting wet muzzles into one's living-rooms.

At Villandry, then, having first restored the moat and unpicked every monstrosity with which recent ages had enriched or impoverished his *château*, Dr. Carvallo turned to the grounds. From the top of the embattled tower, where Henry II had signed a treaty with Philip Augustus, he surveyed his twelve neglected acres, cradled there in the tilted saucer of a shallow valley, and with the courage born of single-minded conviction and benevolent fanaticism resolved that, with the help of surviving plans of Du Cerceau, the great sixteenth-century garden-designer, every inch should be used for the re-creation of such a garden as Du Cerceau himself would have been proud to recommend.

The result is quite unlike any garden to be seen in England or, I would say, in the world. Only one concession has been made to the eighteenth century, and that is in the topmost or most southerly section, where the need for a reservoir has occasioned a large formal pool in the Le Nôtre vein. For the rest, one sees to the south and west of the *château* a series of strictly formal gardens and terraces, enlivened with simple fountains and a canal. To the north and south of the gardens lie the rich fields of Touraine, sloping towards the Cher and the Loire. On the east the *château* is sheltered by a round hill planted with shrubs (in April it was a shimmering curtain of green); while on the

west the stables block, almost as large as the *château* itself, is neighboured by church and village. To look down on all this from the tower is like looking at one of the more elaborate of Kip's views of noble estates, but with a difference; for here one has colour and sound (the black redstart singing on the steep roof; the distant bell which was rung after Agincourt; and the fountains); and that brilliant system of terracing, which so effectively makes for 'movement' and of which, again, we would seem to have learned from the Romans so little that was lasting.



French Government Tourist Office.

The *château* and gardens of Villandry: to the right of the *château* is the *Jardin d'Amour*. Left: closer view of part of the *Jardin d'Amour*; beyond it is the *potager*



There, then, lie the gardens of Villandry, surrounded by the Garden of France, but of the more distant scene one is at first aware only as a green background, for from directly below the tower comes the splash of fountains and looking down one sees what must surely be one of the most elegantly beautiful gardens in the world. It is called the *Jardin d'Amour* and is part of a symbolical garden to which the whole of this southern terrace (sunning itself between the *château* and a cavernous orangery) has been devoted. It enjoys the position of honour, and for guard of honour sixteen large orange trees stand there in square oaken tubs. The garden itself is entirely of clipped box two feet high, and flowers, punctuated by little yew finials reminiscent of Edwardian cake-stands. There are four compartments served by paths of fine sand, and where these paths meet there are small fountains, their basins in the form of a four-leaf clover. One might suppose that to keep the box and the yew and the flowers in perfect condition would be enough;



but at Villandry that would not be enough. The sand is raked in a pattern—the gardener walks in front, rake behind him, so as to leave no footprint—and when a fountain occurs, the sand is raked round it in a pattern that exactly follows and repeats several times over the complex contours of the fountain basin.

As to the compartments of the *Jardin d'Amour*, the first consists of four hearts and four flames, all in box. Planted mainly with roses, it stands for *l'amour tendre*. The hearts are filled in with deep red flowers, the flames with livelier red. Then comes *l'amour tragique*: four large daggers and four small ones, all purplish red. The third compartment, *l'amour volage* (fickle love), is the most elaborate, having four butterflies, four chrysalides and four *billets-doux*. The butterflies and chrysalides are yellow, but the *billets-doux* are in four colours, white and three shades of red. The explanation given me by M. Carvallo was: '*Blanc pour jeune fille; rouge vif, sentiments vifs; rouge pourpre, la passion; rose mauve, réflexions tendres sur le passé*'. Finally, *l'amour folie* has twelve hearts arranged in a kind of merry-go-round of many colours, within which they seem ever to be chasing each other in a mazy motion.

Certainly the *Jardin Symbolique*, looking from above like embossed velvet, is in itself worth travelling many miles to see; and yet beyond it, on the far side of the canal and at a lower level, is a larger and still more extraordinary garden innocently called *Le Potager*. It has nine compartments, laid out with box edging in various classical designs and all filled with vegetables—peas, beans, kale, beetroot, spinach, red cabbage, onions—chosen with the utmost care according to colour and height. For here each individual vegetable is called upon to play its part in a gigantic mosaic and, such is the discipline, each one is aligned not merely with its neighbours in the same compartment but with all the vegetables in all the other compartments. For aesthetic reasons some compartments are helped out with flowers, notably peonies, and strawberries, and all are encompassed with a low oaken trellis of medieval design upon which are trained cordon apples and pears. The paths here are not sand but gravel, a nice distinction, and at their intersections there are simple fountains and four *berceaux* or hooded arbours smothered in roses. The *berceaux* (sixteen of them) are strongly made of oak and their seats offer sun or shade whenever the sun is shining. There are no potatoes, by the way, in this kitchen garden, since sixteenth-century France had no knowledge of them. Even so, the variety is scarcely less amazing than the arrangement; and as I looked at those beds in April, I was reminded of what Stephen Switzer had to say on the English vegetable garden of the early eighteenth century:

There is in the raising of kitchen vegetables a certain degree of knowledge and diversion equal if not excelling what any other part of Gardening produces. Nor can the Garden afford anything more delightful to view than those forests of asparagus, artichokes, lettuce, pease, beans and other legumes and edulous plants, so different in colour and of such various shapes rising as it were from the dead and

piercing the ground in so many thousand places as they do, courting the admiration or requiring the care of the diligent Gardener.

The two gardens I have just described, the symbolical garden and the vegetable garden, take up about six acres. The other six consist of terraces, a herb garden, a hornbeam maze, a pleached lime avenue that runs the whole width of the gardens, and the eighteenth-century water-garden with its *gazon rustique* and its delightful Audience Chamber, little more than a belvedere where the seigneur would stroll, by way of the *Allée des Merles*, to preside over the local court.

Of course it is one thing to create such a kingdom, at who knows what cost in cash and labour, and another to find men of a sufficiently fanatical enthusiasm to maintain it. Not long ago M. François Carvallo, son of the late Dr. Carvallo, decided to put the gardens of Villandry at the disposal of students from various parts of the world; or in other words to open a school of horticulture, on the lines of *Le Potager du Roi* at Versailles, where students could practise in perfect surroundings the orderly gardening methods of a former age. But something went wrong. The gardens were perfect. The students were impatient to start clipping the box and raking the sand and cherishing the orange trees; and indeed they took their share of these agreeable tasks. But then it had to be broken to them that even at Villandry weeds creep into gravel paths, manure needs to be dug in, and *gazons*, however *rustiques*, call for the scythe . . .

The school is having a long holiday; but one day it is to reopen; and in the meantime weeds are not left to students, but to five professionals headed by a man to whom, in every sense, Villandry is *le château de la vie*: a place to which one may worthily devote one's life. In appearance robust—he might easily be a gym-instructor—M. Roulleau clearly has everything under iron control, from the sternly drilled ranks of the *Potager* to the fastidiously neat carpenter's-shop adjoining the stables. It is all the more refreshing, then, to discover his weakness, which is for birds and animals, and to witness their effusive salutes as in his company one makes the tour. The fawning watchdog was perhaps to be expected; more surprising was the swan which, at his call, breasted the waves towards us ('*Comme il est orgueilleux*'), murmured the gardener, '*comme il est majestueux!*'), head lost among arched feathers in an ecstasy of pride and devotion; and when we reached the stables, large enough for fifty horses but now lodging one pony, one donkey, and one calf, the welcome of Charlotte the donkey was so tender, one almost began to feel *de trop*. However, M. Roulleau declared Charlotte a delicious beast, of all animals the most intelligent, and added that she knew, none better, the noble nature of her surroundings. That was why, in the gardens, she picked her way so delicately, never treading but where she should.

As we walked towards the labyrinth I noticed on a crumbling wall a vigorous looking rose not yet in flower, and I asked its name. 'Nobody knows', the gardener told me. 'It is a legacy from the old garden. We call it Villandry'.—*Third Programme*

## The Queen's Generation—VII

# Set-Squares and Concrete

By DUGALD FRASER

MY front door is on the Road to the Isles: the office door, I mean. Not on the new road, but on the old pack road which you can still see clearly and which was—and still is—just a footpath through the hills. There is no commissionaire at the door, no concrete facade, no swing doors. It is just a wooden hut . . . but there is Loch Rannoch; and a few miles further down the glen there is Loch Tummel; a glen dominated by the symmetrical peak of Shiehallion. At the back door there is Ben Alder, with Prince Charlie's cave at the foot of it, hard by Loch Ericht.

I am a civil engineer on the Gaur Hydro-Electric Project, one of the north of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board's many projects to bring power to the cities and glens. Draw a line down the middle of Scotland, north to south, then another one across the middle from west to east. I am at the point they intersect: geographically, bang in the centre. Bang in the centre in other ways, too. This hydro scheme is part of the beating heart of Scotland: at least, it will be, I am convinced of that.

People often say to me that I am far from the centre of things. If they mean a picture house, then I suppose they are right. But where is the centre of things? It's where a man lives and works and does his whack: where he feels he is making some contribution to the general scheme of things. Perhaps, most of all, it's the place where he is happy. One thing is certain: it has nothing to do with crowds of people. I am a city man, born and bred. Yet I do not accept for one moment that to live in a city is to be near the centre of things. In Scotland, I think the majority of us are only one or two generations removed from country ways of doing things, anyway. Probably not so very long ago our forebears were leaping up and down the very hills and glens we are now drawing our power from. But so many of us now live in cities. That has been a tragedy for Scotland: empty glens and declining villages. After whisky, Scotland's greatest export has always been her own sons and daughters. This has been a case of sheer economic necessity; an economic necessity that has had a great deal to do with the forming of the Scots character: a capacity for



hard work, a reputation for getting things done. I have come across a good many people recently who bemoan the disappearance of this drive, this capacity for hard work, supposed to be characteristic of the Scot. They have all been much older than me. They have all said: 'Och, but we're nothing like the people our fathers and grandfathers were'. Then they begin to tell you about someone they remember who left a poor croft somewhere at the back of beyond to go to the university: about the years of hard work at the university, existing on herrings and oatmeal, the brilliant degree . . . and then the justification of it all in years to come by becoming a professor at some university, or a builder of railways in the Canadian Rockies, or a leading surgeon, or getting a seat in the Cabinet, or a top-ranking post in the Indian Civil Service. In the days of Queen Victoria and her Indian Empire, the magic words 'Indian Civil' were reserved by the headmaster or the university professor for only the most brilliant of his pupils. I am not sneering. These men did terrific things. They achieved miracles against great odds. They were the men who gave Scotland its respect, and even love, of education. You remember Barrie's remark in 'What Every Woman Knows': 'There are few more impressive sights in the world than a Scotsman on the make'.

A good education is nothing new in Scotland. It was always possible. And it is extraordinary how many got it. But it was never easy. It could only be got by sacrifice on somebody's part—inevitably, the parents'. What is new is the ease with which anybody can have it today. Personally, I think this is a mistake. I think it is a case of the welfare state being over-indulgent. There is a vast difference between getting a thing which was always there provided you had the initiative to go out for it, and having it handed to you on a plate. I am a classic example myself of the period between the two extremes: between the herring and oatmeal era and the present day. My parents began life as working-class people. But it didn't stop them from sending me to the university. At thirty-two my father was working on the railways. Now, at the same age, I am a chartered civil engineer: more particularly, the resident engineer of the Gaur Hydro-Electric Project.

### The Turning Tide?

That is a healthy state of affairs. Progression is a good thing; although I wonder if sometimes it is not being made too easy nowadays. But to me, standing as I do mid-way, there is a more important point. It is this. Having acquired their skill, those men of talent I referred to had to take it abroad. Now, I see faint signs of the tide being turned, of developments in Scotland to keep them at home. Hydro projects are one of the keys to this situation. Once we get power into the glens, anything can happen. I am right in on the ground floor. I am not the resident engineer of the Assuan Dam, or the Victoria Falls, or what have you—which would be my equivalent of the Indian Civil Servant. No, I am an engineer in Scotland. There is more to this than the fact that India and other Dominions are self-governing now, or may be one day. There is more going on here at home to keep me at home. And, for myself, I would far rather do exciting work on Rannoch Moor than in, say, the Sudan or the upper reaches of the Bramaputrah. I'm lucky that it's there for me to do. You might well say that it is there because of the twentieth-century craze for planning. Somebody, somewhere, has made a blue-print of it all. So they have. There is nothing wrong with blue-prints—in moderation.

Personally, I think the old days were too tough, too unruly. But that does not mean I am any softer for thinking it. We cannot be too soft, after our experiences between 1939 and 1945. Planning has been the means of keeping me at home at a time when there is so much stirring in Scotland. There is a sense of 'up-and-doingness' in Scotland today which is very stimulating. And, to me, these pylons striding over the heather in all directions are a symbol. They are carrying on their shoulders a new power, an injection of fresh vitality, a blood transfusion. There is more to it than just a mass of cables and wires and concrete. There is something you can feel, something you can sense.

What makes people think an engineer is insensitive, I wonder? It is probably a legacy of the Victorians. They would think oily hands and sweat-rags not polite or genteel. If you are not polite or genteel you cannot be sensitive. In complete revolt against this attitude, the artistic *avant-garde* are maybe overdoing this 'poetry of machinery' business. But, somewhere in between, lies the truth. And I think that 'somewhere-in-between' note could well be the key to my generation. Nothing so coy as pressed leaves between the pages of Jane Austen, or so militantly self-conscious as the sandals, corduroys, and

beards. But an honest appreciation of the truth: that I'm just as thrilled, for example, by the hum of a turbine as a conductor by the strings of his orchestra.

I got one of the greatest thrills of my life the other day: a creative thrill—as creative as any artist's. It was the day our station at Gaur first went into commission. After years of toil, the dash-lamps glowed, the ammeter needles in the control panels flickered, and energy—clean as the water that made it possible—surged out on to the transmission lines. I got a terrific kick out of it. Just a steady hum, with the needles flickering on their gauges. But it was exhilarating: an exhilaration that was purely personal . . . subjective . . . of my own making. It does you good to recognise emotion. And heaven knows that remark will make my Scottish ancestors rotate in their graves. But it does do you good. It's even better when other people recognise it in you: a sense of being *en rapport*. And that makes life most pleasant.

### Integrated Engineer

So let the engineer have his sensitivity. He will be a rounder man for it. During the war we had a slang expression about 'so-and-so being an integrated type'. It's time the engineer was recognised as an integrated type. Devil take those Victorians, and their lavender and old lace; and devil take this ultra-modern claptrap about the aesthetics of turbines and dynamos. Both are equally wrong. I'm all for recognising healthy emotion, and it's time engineers recognised it in themselves as a first step to integration. And the job I am doing is indeed work to quicken the pulse, to satisfy the creative urge.

Take 100 square miles of moorland and hill. Call it a catchment area. Take thousands of tons of concrete and make one dam. Clear away all the rubble and face with native stone. Let the waters of the glens pass through one generating station. And you get a power that is clean, quick, disciplined, ready, instantaneous, efficient. All this has a beauty. It has a dignity. And it will last. And, as if that is not enough, it is constructive, not destructive. So much of our achievement today is destructive. Atomic energy is the classic example. Which takes me to my next point. I know the scientist and the engineer are not to blame for this destruction. I know they are only doing what they are told. But that does not absolve them altogether. It does not absolve them, and it burdens them with a responsibility which is theirs alone. A responsibility and a dilemma at one and the same time. What is the hangman to do? Continue to use his skill? Or think of something else to do with a rope? In any case, the poor man has probably got a couple of children to educate.

I'm lucky. I don't need to solve that conundrum. Every time a Highland housewife plugs in an iron, or power is switched to Clydeside to avoid load-shedding, then my work is justified. But every time an engineer thinks, not as an engineer but as a member of the community, then he is trying to find something else to do with that hangman's rope. Which is one reason why I would like to see my kind more involved in the running of things. It is time they stopped taking orders from the politicians and did a bit of blue-printing themselves.

### One of the Plumbers

They say that the challenge to this generation is to find a soul for itself; that 'know-how' has far outstripped the will to apply it properly; that in an age of plumbing life is too easy. It may have become easier materially for a vastly greater number of people, but spiritually it is more complicated than ever. The biggest challenge of all today is trying to keep on an even keel, trying to have a liberal view of things, resisting all the snares. John Bunyan would have had quite a time writing *Pilgrim's Progress* today. Think what he would have said about football pools, comic strips, Hollywood films—all the hundred-and-one things that are supposed to be sapping away our strength. Of course, I'm one of the plumbers. And it seems to me we come in for a little too much of the blame. We got blamed for helping to destroy civilisation. We got blamed for trying to make it too 'cushie'. At least, that is how it seems to me, living and working up here in the heart of the Perthshire hills, away from the hurly-burly. I have even heard people say we are spoiling that Highland housewife by giving her an electric iron.

Surely this is so much nonsense. As an engineer and a practical man, I believe you can only get the best out of people if the conditions under which they work are as good as you can make them. And that's my job.—*Home Service*



# NEWS DIARY

July 29-August 4

## Wednesday, July 29

House of Lords debates the international situation: Lord Salisbury makes further statement on his visit to Washington

Large crowds of east Germans draw free food parcels from west Berlin

Labour Party executive rejects B.B.C.'s offer to televise its annual party conference

## Thursday, July 30

Both Houses of Parliament discuss recent statements by Mr. Dulles, U.S. Secretary of State, on coming political conference on Korea

United Nations and communist troops in Korea complete their withdrawal from the demilitarised zone

Treaty between the United Kingdom and Libya is signed

Royal Commission to be set up on the pay and conditions in the Civil Service

## Friday, July 31

Minister of Supply announces that a new trial of atomic weapons is to be held in Australia in October

Parliament rises for summer recess

Armistice commission in Korea agrees on control of demilitarised zone

United States protest to Soviet Union over shooting down of American bomber off coast of Siberia

## Saturday, August 1

Neutral commission which is to handle repatriation of prisoners in Korea holds first meeting at Panmunjom

United States rejects Russian protest about shooting down of Russian passenger aircraft near Korean frontier

East German Government publishes a regulation designed to prevent east Germans from drawing food parcels in west Berlin

## Sunday, August 2

Mr. Dulles leaves for Korea to hold talks with President Syngman Rhee

Lord Llewellyn appointed first Governor-General of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland

President Einaudi invites Signor Piccioni, a Christian Democratic leader, to try to form new Italian Government

## Monday, August 3

President Eisenhower attends memorial service to Senator Taft

Coastal resorts crowded on warm bank holiday

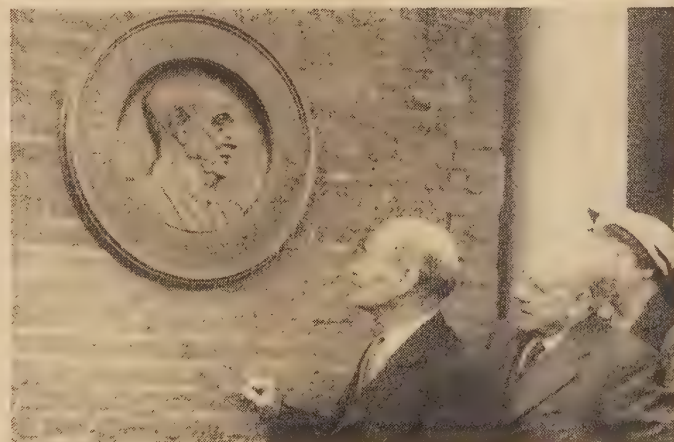
## Tuesday, August 4

U.S. Congress adjourns till January after agreeing to foreign aid programme

Clashes take place in west Berlin when communists try to interfere with the distribution of free food to east Berliners



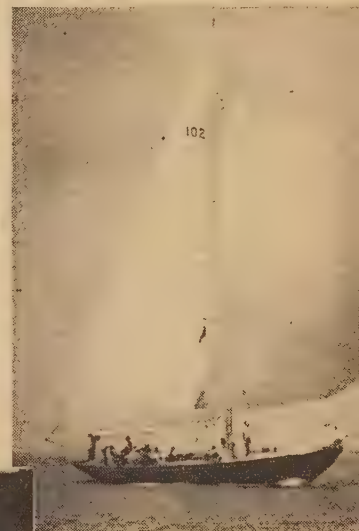
People from east Berlin and the eastern zone of Germany queuing outside the City Hall in west Berlin last week for free food parcels



Mr. Attlee unveiling a plaque to the late George Lansbury at the Serpentine Lido, Hyde Park, London, on July 30. The bathing pool was one of Mr. Lansbury's plans for improving the amenities of the royal parks when he was First Commissioner of Works in the Labour Government of 1929-31



C. J. Chataway, D. C. Seaman, R. G. Bannister, and G. W. Nankeville, who set up a new world record for Great Britain when they won the mile relay race in the international sports meeting at the White City on Saturday



Competitors in the 25-ton class at annual regatta







Nigeria Constitution Conference which opened in Lagos, on July 30, arriving for the first session



A war memorial to the Air Forces of the Commonwealth has just been completed and will be unveiled by H. M. the Queen on October 17 at Cooper's Hill, Runnymede, Surrey. The photograph shows one of the cloisters in the memorial



Robert A. Taft, the Republican leader in the U.S. Senate, who died on July 31. Taft, the son of an American President, had hoped to follow in his father's footsteps, but was three times defeated in his attempt to secure the Republican nomination. Before the war he was a leading isolationist and in more recent times he was never more than a lukewarm supporter of collective security. Although he had differences with General Eisenhower both before the last presidential campaign and after the inauguration, he became one of the most resourceful and effective of the new President's supporters



part in a race in the Royal Southampton Yacht Club's Cowes, Isle of Wight, on Saturday



Cream Persian kittens, who were awarded the prize for the best litter in the Kensington Kitten Show held at the Royal Horticultural Hall, London last week



Left: The Duke of Edinburgh bowling in a cricket match played at Arundel Castle on Sunday in aid of the National Playing Fields Association. The teams, under the captaincies of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Norfolk (left), were made up of well-known cricketers



August Bank Holiday crowds on the beach at Blackpool. The welcome change in the weather brought thousands of people to the coastal resorts for the holiday



# The Comic Prophet

By NORMAN NICHOLSON

THERE was a time when most Englishmen felt themselves to be natives not just of one country, but of two—England and Palestine. Moses, Joshua, Samson, David, and Elijah were the heroes who haunted the imagination of the Puritan and the Evangelical. Nor did they seem to belong to the remote past or to a far country. On the contrary, the landscape of the Bible seemed to hang over England like a hot mist from a tropical swamp, in which the symbols of the Pentateuch loomed as huge as mountains. It was a land, too, of strange, vivid lightnings, with, as Cowper puts it, 'a view of Sinai in a blaze': a land where primitive rituals burst out as sudden as fireworks in dark little chapels and at street-corner prayer-meetings. The bull died on the altar; the ram was caught in the thicket; the dead bird, dipped in the blood of the live bird, flew off into the wilderness. It was a landscape prolific and pullulant with an exotic dream flora—the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley; sandalwood, cassia, balm; the vine, the palm, the gopher tree. Yet, for all its strangeness, it was a landscape which seemed curiously near home. To the Englishman, building Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land was not just a geographical conceit—he would never have thought of building it anywhere else.

## 'Mythical Land of Palestine'

As a child I grew up in the mythical land of Palestine. I could say of myself, as Thomas Traherne said of the psalmist, that 'Kingdoms and Ages did surround him as clearly as the hills and mountains'. Then, when I was about fourteen, I remember that my uncle, who was a Sunday School teacher, gave us a lesson on the Good Samaritan. 'A certain man', he said, 'went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, just as it might have been from Broughton to Foxfield'. And immediately that mythical land of Palestine, that land of cloud and mist and dream, condensed and solidified, descended from the air and took the shape of the solid earth beneath it. Symbol and material reality became one.

But, as the years went on, it was the Old Testament rather than the New which I found among the fells of Cumberland. For me, the site of the Garden of Eden was no longer a matter of conjecture: it belonged to the Lower Duddon, where the waters divide and subdivide, and the daffodils cock their heads like some yellow-billed wading-bird eyeing the soil for worms. The flood occurred in Eskdale, and the first Noah saw of land was an archipelago of mountain peaks—Scafell, Bowfell, and the rest of them—emerging above the ebbing water. Naaman washed in the waters of Whitbeck and saw his leprosy go floating away like the blossoms of the white water buttercup. Elijah laid claim to Black Combe, that huge, bald hump of a fell which stands at the edge of the Lake mountains just as Mount Carmel stands at the edge of the vale of Megiddo.

But, more recently, I have become interested in two prophets who lived about 100 years later—Amos, who came from the Kingdom of Judah, and Hosea, who belonged to the Kingdom of Israel. Judah was in the south, made up largely of the hills which lie on the borders of the Dead Sea; while Israel, in the north, consisted of the upper Jordan valley and Samaria. At this period, the middle of the eighth century B.C., the people of Israel were enjoying great prosperity. Under the leadership of King Jeroboam II, Israel had regained much of the wealth and territory won originally by King David. But the Israelites of this new era were very different from those of the days of David. In his time they were still at heart a nomadic tribe with the desert only a few generations behind them: a virile, fanatical clan who carried their own god about like a tent. But after 300 years in the plain of Jezreel and the sub-tropical trough of the Jordan, they were becoming self-satisfied, complacent; they were becoming urbanised. Their economy was falling into the hands of speculators and money-lenders, laying house to house and joining field to field. The rich had learned habits of luxury unthinkable to a desert tribe. 'They lie upon beds of ivory', says Amos, 'and stretch themselves upon their couches, and eat the lambs out of the flock, and the calves out of the midst of the stall'. While, on the other hand, the peasants dispossessed of their land were

forced to hire themselves into next-door to slavery—the poor were sold for a pair of shoes.

Moreover, the people were losing their Jewish character. This northern part of Palestine was very vulnerable to the influence of the outside world. The Israelites, in fact, were becoming cosmopolitan. Their religion was modified, diluted—debased, as the prophets would say, with the thoughts and practice of the fertility cults of Canaan. Ritual prostitution was tolerated even in the temples of Yahweh. 'They sacrifice upon the tops of the mountains', says the prophet Hosea with bitter sarcasm, 'and burn incense upon the hills, under oaks and poplars and elms, because the shadow therefore is good . . . for the spirit of whoredoms hath caused them to err, and they have gone a whoring from under their God'.

It was left, however, to a stranger to Israel to see that this prosperity was a mere mortgaged prosperity, the hectic blossoming of a tree that was already half struck down. It was a stranger who measured the people with a plumb-line and found them tragically out of the true. It was a stranger who saw that the Assyrians would soon sweep away this rickety kingdom of Jeroboam II like a raft of laths and wattles in in the Jordan floods. Amos was not a professional man of religion but a shepherd from Tekoa in the Kingdom of Judah. In contrast to Israel, Judah had remained essentially a pastoral nation, preserving the traditions of the patriarchs. From Tekoa, across that incision where the Salt Sea festered like pus, you could look towards the puritanical plateau of the desert. The international tides of trade washed all round the foot of Judah, but the kingdom rose above them, bare, isolated, and inhospitable as a great sea-stack. Judah was provincial, behind the times, an anachronism, an island of stubborn, ingrown parochialism—but nevertheless it held the history of the next 2,500 years like the egg of a rare bird, hatching safely, on a ledge of rock.

As I pictured that ancient Palestine, with its two kingdoms, south and north, I began to think how much it resembled the England of today turned upside down, with Judah in the north and Israel in the south. And I imagined Amos walking among our northern hills and gazing scornfully on the lowlands. I imagined him standing on one of our limestone escarpments, which are so like the rocks of his own Judea—imagined him standing there and looking south towards this new Israel, this Samaria, of the suburbs, this Jordan valley of Maida Vale. For here, too, is a people who count civilisation in terms of cash and comfort; who rate bathrooms above books and television above the prophet's vision. Here is a people who have set up their summer houses and their winter houses, who have laid out pleasant gardens and never given a thought to the dusty desert of industrialism which is creeping over half the nation. Here, too, is a people so self-confident, so self-satisfied in their lease-lend affluence, that they scarcely hear the warnings which are roaring over half the world.

## Modern Amoses?

'As the shepherd taketh out of the mouth of the lion two legs, or a piece of an ear, so shall the children of Israel be taken out'. That is what I imagined Amos saying. And, to be frank, that is what I imagined myself saying, too. For to the writer of today, and especially to the poet, the role of Amos is a tremendous temptation. We nearly all like to imagine ourselves as Amos. We nearly all like to imagine ourselves as prophets of doom—from Mr. Ezra Pound's descent into hell, to the preachifying of little prophetasters like me, calling down retribution on our own backyards. Too many contemporary poets remind one of Solomon Eagle during the Great Plague, running naked through the streets with a blazing brazier on his head prophesying Fire. (Mind you, he was right about the fire!)

But a little later than Amos there was another prophet in Israel, and, this time, not a stranger but a native. Hosea did not gaze down on the people from the high crags of Judah. He was himself a man of the valleys—of Bethel or Shechem or Jezreel; he was himself one of the people to whom he preached. Tradition says he was a baker, and though scholars may not agree, it is as a baker that I like to picture



him—a small, rather fussy man, selling his bread in the market or at his own stall. A rather odd, rather gawky man; at one and the same time, too old for his years and too young for his age; bustling and busying himself in the day-to-day life of the city, yet rather secretive, rather introspective. Well liked by his customers, yet a man with few intimate friends; intelligent, perceptive, even in his own way shrewd; yet with next to no knowledge of the world and no knowledge at all of women.

And then to this man there happened something as sudden and catastrophic as an earthquake: he got married. And his wife was unfaithful to him with many men. She became, as the Bible says, a harlot. The Bible does not say, specifically, that she became a temple harlot, a religious prostitute, but I myself feel that we can infer this from Hosea's continual denunciation of this profession and practice. Indeed, I see her as a girl of the Canaanites, intuitively turning back to the older, more primitive religion of her own race—the religion of the Dying God, of the Sacred Marriage of heaven and earth re-enacted in the ritual couplings of priest and hierodule. Hosea himself must have had a glimpse of this, since he was able to raise its rather crude ritual into the wonderful image of the marriage of Yahweh and his people. And in that image, the covenant between God and man, which until then had seemed rather cold and legal, took on the tenderness of a personal relationship. Heaven and earth were united not by duty but by love. The whole fecundity of creation became the feast of the Divine Husband and his human bride.

However, it is not with Hosea's message that I am concerned here, but with his life; not with what he said, but with what he did. And what did he do? Very briefly: he forgave his wife and took her back. No miracles, no defiance of the law, no challenge to the priests. Yet Hosea's act of forgiveness—made at a certain cost in silver and barley and at an infinitely greater cost in shame and humiliation—remains one of the most moving things in all ancient literature. And, as we read it, as we read the passionate if rather incoherent prophecies which rose out of it, we feel that here is a man to whom every event of life was doubly and divinely full of meaning, a man whose vision was able to transcend and transmute his own personal tragedy.

But was it a tragedy? Let us think of it not from the point of view of Hosea but from that of his contemporaries, that of his customers. They would not regard him as a prophet; they would regard him as a fool: as a man who had married in haste and did not know how to look after his wife. And how they must have laughed when he was soft enough to forgive her and bring her home again and to propose an arrangement of temporary celibacy. Hosea, in fact, seen from the outside, is that stock comic figure of the stage: the complacent husband. Yet to my mind it is precisely here that we can see the true greatness of the man. Most of the other prophets were faced with opposition or even with violence. Amos, some twenty years earlier, had been expelled from the country by Amaziah, the priest of Bethel; Jeremiah was carried

captive into Egypt; Jonah found that he was up against the will of God himself, and wailed like a child when his prophecies were not fulfilled. But Hosea was faced only with laughter; and not even with a scornful, derisive laughter, but only the casual, pitying, slightly contemptuous laughter of his neighbours. Yet he did not fight against it. He accepted it. He took his wife back. He let the people have their joke. He voluntarily made himself the centre of that joke and turned it into a holy joke. He accepted the ribald laughter of his neighbours and transformed it into the divine laughter of creation. The story which had begun with the cackle of gossips ended with the joyous laughter that blows through the gardens of Solomon:

I will be as the dew unto Israel; he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon.

His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell as Lebanon.

They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine; the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon.

We must not think from that quotation that Hosea lived in times of peace. In all probability he witnessed the fulfilment of the prophecies of Amos—the occupation of Galilee and northern Samaria by the Assyrian armies. If Amos was the prophet of coming doom, Hosea was the prophet of doom already come. But Hosea accepted that doom along with all the other people of Israel. He acknowledged his guilt along with theirs. He did not try to escape into the high crags of self-righteousness. Amos had preached in terms of 'I' and 'you'; Hosea preached in terms of 'we'. And this, I believe, is Hosea's lesson to the poets of today: that we must give up imitating Amos; that we must come down from the mountains; that we must let the laugh be against us, must accept the responsibility of being men. The time has come when the poet needs to forget what differentiates him from other men and to remember what binds him to them. The time has come when poets must accept their place in the common doom; when they must begin, once again, to speak in terms of 'we'.

If this should happen, poetry might become simpler, gentler, even humbler. In fact, it might become comic. For when a man ceases to fight against his own destiny, when he sees his own measure and does not try to over-stretch it, then, like Hosea, he often becomes a comic figure. Yet may not a comic figure be as real as a tragic one? May not laughter be as noble as despair? Today, in this world of coming doom or of doom already come, we need that laughter—that kindly, tender, humane laughter which accepts the absurdity of man. We need a prophecy which includes humility and a poetry which has a place for fun. That there are any signs of such I would not like to say. But if something of the spirit of Amos lies behind 'The Waste Land', then perhaps something of the spirit of Hosea lies behind 'The Cocktail Party'.—*Third Programme*

## How's That?

M. R. RIDLEY on some phrases in our current speech

**W**HOS that? 'It's me!' But is it, or is it perhaps I? The grammatical purists will tell us that it must be 'I', and will greet 'It's me' with a prim shiver and a raised eyebrow at such a vulgarism. Are they right? I would defend to the last ditch 'It's me' against the anaemically grammatical 'It's I'. But is it even grammatical—or perhaps one should word the question the other way round, and ask whether 'me' is ungrammatical. I rather doubt it, partly on grounds of analogy, and I will come back to it later. But this is only one example of many things which are worth watching in English speech.

Language, and particularly the English language, is a growing thing. It refuses to stay put, and any attempt to make it do so by a kind of academic edict does no more than sap its vitality, or would do so if the vitality were not almost always too strong for the edict. Usages creep in, are at first frowned on, and later, either from sheer familiarity, or because they help towards economical and vigorous expression, they become accepted; most of these can be defended, some perhaps not.

Or words and phrases are adopted from other languages: these also are at first regarded with suspicion; those that meet no real need tend to wither and die out, stifled by more vigorous native growth; others are found so useful that they become naturalised and acceptable citizens. And I am going to present to you, for your consideration, a few of these usages and words and phrases.

To go back, first, to the one I started with: the most famous example of this usage, I suppose, is in the *Ingoldsby Legend* about the Jackdaw of Rheims, where 'they all cried, "That's him!"' It is true that the author comments that in so doing they were 'Heedless of grammar', but they (and he) were being heedful of something that may be more important, and that is emphasis. Could any English writer with any sense of vigour of language, conceivably, in that context, write 'That's he!'? I think not. And I think that the truth is that we have developed an idiom whereby we can use an oblique case (that saves one bothering about whether 'me' is accusative or dative) of a personal pronoun instead of the nominative, for emphasis. After all, the French, of all



nations perhaps the most exquisitely precise in their use of their own language, say '*C'est moi*' or '*C'est lui*', though it is characteristic of them that, having made up their minds, they cannot say anything else, whereas we can use either 'me' or 'I'. One may notice that we use the oblique case only where there is an abrupt emphasis, with nothing following. For example, if someone says to you 'I can't remember whether it was you or your brother who told me that', you naturally say 'Oh, it was me'. But if he says 'I can't remember who I got that from', you more naturally say 'I rather think it was I who told you'. And here, to finish with, is an example (quoted in the *Oxford English Dictionary*) which shows that this usage of the emphatic 'me', whatever else it may be, is not a vulgarity. The writer was a thoroughly correct lady of the eighteenth century, admired by Dr. Johnson, and the lady to whom she gives the phrase was as correct as her creator. "Don't you dance?" he said. "Me" cried she, embarrassed, "yes, I believe so".

### Splitting the Infinitive

Splitting the infinitive is frowned upon; often very ugly, sometimes I think almost the only way to say both neatly and precisely what one wants to say. Analogy does not help us here, since the 'to' in English is an indissoluble part of the infinitive, so that the Greek habit of using the article with an infinitive, and slipping in an adverb between them to make a composite noun, is not a parallel at all. I believe that the problem here is largely a matter of ear, as well as of exact expression. Take a sentence like 'To incontrovertibly prove this proposition is difficult'. That, I think, is rather ugly, just from the mere length of the adverb, though it says precisely what is meant. But if you write 'Incontrovertibly to prove this proposition is difficult', it might be misunderstood, because you could read it like this: 'Incontrovertibly, to prove . . .', and it would mean, 'It is undeniable that to prove this proposition is difficult'; and 'To prove this proposition incontrovertibly is difficult' is a trifle awkward in rhythm. But take this case: you want to say that a man was forced to carry out some orders; but you want to qualify the 'carry out' by the adverb 'duly'. Now then, how are you going to do it? 'He was forced duly to carry out these orders'; but then duly might just possibly qualify 'forced'. 'He was forced to carry out duly these orders'. Impossible English, and sounds like a bad translation. 'He was forced to carry out these orders duly'. The 'duly' is too far from comfort from what it is meant to qualify. Why not grasp the nettle, say 'Go to blazes' to the purists, and write: 'He was forced to duly carry out these orders'. I have deliberately given a sort of half-way-house instance. You will find it easy to think of examples in which the 'to' plus adverb and verb make a sort of compound verb. And, after all, there is no divine right of infinitives, nothing sacrosanct about them to forbid the poor things being split if the split makes for clarity and does not outrage euphony.

A preposition ending a sentence is also frowned on, but only by the extreme purists. After all, it has a long and honourable history in our best writers; but it is also true that some of our best writers have avoided it. Gibbon, we are told on good authority, was so afraid of it that he avoided even the blameless final adverb which might be mistaken for the wicked preposition. But more interesting is Dryden: he was the first great master of that kind of familiar style which moves with the combined ease, vigour, and decorum of the conversation of educated men. But, for the second edition of some of the best of his prose, he went carefully through it and eliminated the final prepositions; and the supposed correctness was often dearly bought at the price of a loss in vigour and naturalness. Here are a few examples: 'those impertinent people you speak of' changed to 'those impertinent people of whom you speak'; 'the age I live in' to 'the age in which I live'; 'would think himself very hardly dealt with'—this phrase was manifestly a good deal more recalcitrant, since there is nowhere that you can shift the preposition to (or to which you can shift the preposition) and Dryden had to recast altogether and write 'would think he had hard measure'; then into smoother waters again, 'whom all the story is built upon' to 'on whom the story is built', 'the tumult which we are subject to in England' to 'the tumult to which we are subject in England'. Now is there any conceivable gain in those alterations? What one is watching, I think, is a conscious Latinisation. In Latin, as indeed the label for the word implies, you cannot put the preposition after the noun it governs. But why, in our flexible and uninflected language, deprive oneself of a recognised idiom which often makes for brevity and almost always for vigour. Take a pleasant instance

which may be familiar, the remark of a nurse to a child apropos the child's choice of a bedtime story: 'What ever did you choose that book to be read to out of for?' I do not say that it is a very elegant sentence, but you challenge your precision to rephrase it so as to avoid the final prepositions: 'For what reason did you choose that book from which I was to read to you?', or something like that. And, by the way, this 'What . . . for' is an admirable example of the usefulness of the final preposition. Look at 'What did you do that for?' or, 'What did you do that for?' Try to recast it, and you will find that you either have to say 'For what reason' or 'For what purpose', which are not quite the same as one another, but are both included in 'What for', or else you have to say 'Why' which implies reason rather than purpose; and also with either of the first two possibilities ('For what reason' or 'For what purpose') it is next to impossible to throw the emphasis on 'did'. There is a pleasant story, I hope a true one, of Sir Winston Churchill finding in a minute that some precision had amended a final preposition, and he wrote a note: 'This is the sort of pedantry up with which I will not put'. I think most of us would rather walk down the primrose path with so vigorous a master of native English speech than hobble to grammatical salvation with the precision.

Now for a few words and phrases: 'different from', 'different to', 'different than'. The last—'different than'—we can, I take it, put out of court at once. Whatever 'different' may be, it is not a comparative, and the 'than' is therefore inadmissible. The usage is creeping in, I suppose, because 'different' is often used in a rather slovenly way to imply a comparative: 'A' is different from 'B' because it is larger, or smaller, or more distinguished. But the solution, surely, is to use the exact word for what one is trying to say (that is, 'larger' or 'smaller' or some other comparative) rather than a lazy approximation, and not to allow the insidious growth of a barbarism. 'Different to', however, is another matter. I am old-fashioned enough to wholeheartedly dislike it (that split was deliberate!), but it can, I think, be defended. It is sometimes argued that, because the word is, in ordinary use, not a participle but an adjective, one must not overstress its connection with the verb 'to differ', must not say that because something cannot differ 'to' something else, it therefore cannot be different 'to' it. That, I think, is the weak line of defence. I think what is happening is that 'to' has become in English what one might call a usefully vague 'preposition of reference'; that when we consider 'A' in relation to 'B' we observe that it is different; and that we can therefore, with some justification, say that 'A' is 'different to' 'B', just as it is now—though I think regrettably—common form to say 'averse to' rather than 'averse from'. I say regrettably because the usage means that we have wholly lost the awareness of the metaphor in 'averse' and use it simply as an equivalent to 'against' or 'opposed'. This loss of the picture is clear if you try the verb. You cannot say 'he averted his eyes to' the gory spectacle unless you mean that he turned them away from something he liked even less, and looked at the bullfight as the more tolerable of the two.

### The Horror of 'Issued With'

Then, the idiom 'issued with': 'He was issued with' a rifle, and a packet of cigarettes, or what not. I suppose this horror has come to stay. It is undeniably convenient. To alter the verb often will not do, since though you can be equipped with a rifle you can hardly be also 'equipped' with cigarettes. And though with the phrase in isolation it is easy enough to switch it, and say so-and-so was issued to him, that does not serve if you have started your sentence with 'he' with a passive verb and want to go on with the same structure, as for example: 'He was primed with all necessary information and—and what? a rifle and cigarettes were issued to him'? This is a clear case where sheer usefulness seems to have won the day against all considerations of the rights of words.

'Stay put' is an example of the importation, and so useful a one that it has become almost naturalised. There is a fine, solid, stone-walling, in some contexts even a hint of backs-to-the-wall, immobility about it, which no native equivalent quite gives. 'You stay where you are' does not, I submit, give at all the flavour of 'You stay put'. And something the same is true of 'face up to'. We are often told that that means no more than just 'face'. I do not agree. Take three phrases: 'he now faced the most serious crisis of his career'—that is, he found he had to deal with it, with, I suggest, no implication at all of the spirit in which he faced it, just a neutral description; 'he was now confronted by . . .'—nearly the same, but with, I think, just a hint



that he was a bit alarmed by it; but 'he now faced up to...' carries with it—doesn't it?—a suggestion of resolution and combativeness? All importations of this kind have to be judged on their merits, and in practice they are so judged. Those that fill a real gap survive, and those that don't, don't.

But this is perhaps less true of French words than of American, since many French words which fill no real gap still manage to maintain a sort of wax-work existence in the vocabularies of people who want to sound clever and superior. And this leads people of a different kind too readily to condemn almost all French words and to ask with insular impatience whether our own language is not good enough for us. But since English has extraordinarily strong absorptive powers, why not let it absorb from outside whatever it can assimilate and profitably use. For example 'apropos' is usually neater than such equivalents as 'in this connection'; 'panache' and 'élan' and 'cliché' say in one word what native English can hardly say in less than two or three.

And I wonder whether it is irrelevant to say a word about foreign place names. We seem to be becoming continentalised, or rather perhaps Europeanised. We do not wittingly mispronounce American names—goodness knows, we often enough *do* mispronounce them, since American names are full of traps for the unwary, and I have heard an experienced B.B.C. talker (I am not sure he was not even an announcer) talk within five minutes of the river *Pottermac* when he meant *Potōmac*,

and an odd railroad called the Baltimore, and *O-yo* when he meant Ohio—but we do not do it of set purpose. But for long we did do it of set purpose with many European names, for the most part with the more familiar ones; but we seem to be changing our practice, not always I think happily. When I was a boy—I admit a regrettably long time ago—many educated people would naturally speak of 'Marsales' and 'Bulón', and some of the more old-fashioned stuck to 'Callis'. Now we all talk about Calais, we get somewhere near the correct pronunciation of Marseilles, and for the third make an uneasy compromise with 'B'loin'. With some Italian names things are even odder. It is now the fashion to talk about 'Milán', when a straightforward 'Milan' was once good enough. But if you are going to put an unnatural accent on it, why not go the whole way and call the place Milano; and if you go that far, why in the world not carry on the good work and say Firenze? One notices that hardly anyone tries to give a familiar French, or other foreign, name with its *full* native pronunciation. If, for example, we tried to say Chartres as its inhabitants would give it we should feel, and be thought, affected. Is it then worth while, and on what grounds, to make an approximation? In talking to a foreigner, largely as a matter of courtesy, one does the best one can to give the name as he knows it. But for internal native consumption, might we not be as well, with the familiar places, sticking to their familiar Anglicisations?—*Home Service*

## Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

### Toleration

Sir,—It is interesting to find a co-religionist and colleague of that very orthodox Spanish friar, Torquemada, defending, as Father Victor White does with great skill, the thesis of religious toleration. His article is not only interesting but, coming from one of his communion, fantastically paradoxical, and, I should have thought, *salva reverentia*, bordering on heresy. Certainly to anyone who has consulted the official and semi-official authorities, Father White's argument *haereticæ sonat*.

To permit freedom of conscience is surely the very essence of toleration; but throughout its history the Church has denounced freedom of conscience, and punished all advocates of it with torture and death. Pope Gregory XVI described such freedom as *deliramentum*—mere raving; and Pius IX, in his famous encyclical (1864) approvingly recalled this description and condemned those who denied that the Church had the right to use physical coercion.

As for semi-official authorities on the subject, here are two: 'Though the Church exercises that right (of coercion) for the most part by spiritual sanctions, she has never relinquished the right to use other means' (*The Catholic Encyclopedia*, vol. xi, page 703). Again, Mgr. Ronald Knox, in his book *The Belief of Catholics*, tells us that Catholic countries would be justified in using coercive measures in the future as they have in the past, and that they have the right to demand freedom for themselves while denying it to others.

Macaulay, in his pleasantly antithetical style, has put the whole matter in the neatest of nutshell: 'I am in the right and you are in the wrong. When you are the stronger, it is your duty to tolerate me. because it is your duty to tolerate the truth. But when I am the stronger, I shall certainly persecute you, for it is my duty to persecute error'.—Yours, etc.,  
Bournemouth HAROLD BINNS

### Science and Responsibility

Sir,—Mr. Cazaly seems to me to be one of those scientists who, when they indulge in moral and political controversy, behave like a theo-

logical student on the razzle, throwing off the discipline they cheerfully accept in their own work. Mr. Cazaly would, I suppose, be quick to condemn a colleague who claimed to have made a spectacular discovery which, however, had no observable consequences—who claimed, for instance, that everything in the universe (including our measuring instruments) doubles its size every second. To such grandiose but empirically empty assertions philosophers apply the term 'conventionalist'. Now the conventionalistic scientist who makes apparently dramatic announcements without actually asserting anything is paralleled by the jesuitical moralist who makes emphatic moral pronouncements so qualified that his own incongruous behaviour remains permissible. Mr. Cazaly seems to belong to this class. His letter opens dramatically: 'I support my dependants by work, deliberately aimed at destroying life, happiness and wealth'. He speaks of 'Caesar' (H.M. Government?) as 'that monstrous cretin'. But the upshot of his spectacular indignation is—complacent satisfaction with his own acquiescent but guiltless role; and all done by a neat definition of 'responsibility' (which does not cover those who, like Mr. Cazaly, serve the state unwillingly). Thus does he abuse his masters and excuse himself for serving them: a mixture I find distasteful.

In conclusion, may I indicate a factor sometimes overlooked in discussions of the responsibility of scientists in an atomic age? It is this: a scientist is logically unable to know the consequences of a discovery he has not yet made. He is committed to the task of introducing unforeseeable and possibly dangerous novelties into his civilisation. If this unnerves you, you can condemn all discovery and novelty. That was Plato's way. If it exhilarates you, you can regard the pursuit of knowledge as a great adventure, and accept the risks it involves. But what you cannot do is to condemn the making of discoveries which later prove dangerous while welcoming beneficial discoveries. It is illogical both to praise the work of Pasteur and condemn that of Einstein. If Einstein had known beforehand that the work which was leading him to the equation of mass and energy would lead on to Nagasaki he would no doubt have abandoned

it. But he could not know beforehand. We have here a genuine case of a scientist who is not responsible for the effects of his work.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

J. W. N. WATKINS

Sir,—Some of the points raised in this discussion are of more importance than the question of what Mr. Perret said or meant. Mr. Cazaly raises one of them. He says he is doing what he knows to be wrong because he has dependants. Put more crudely, he does it for the money. So do a few of my ex-friends and I do not think any of them can exculpate themselves. They could easily get other jobs. Not perhaps at the lavish salaries paid at some institutions dedicated to destruction, but at the sort of salaries the rest of us get. Mr. Cazaly says his only alternative is penury; I think he is either too modest or excessively specialised.

*Fiat justitia, ruat coelum*. We interpret justice in our own way and if we find the conduct of those who do wrong, simply for the money, unacceptable we may find their company unacceptable too. I do. Some tell me the gesture is ineffective and they may be right. But it is a beginning and I trust the wisdom of a Chinese proverb (perhaps apocryphal): 'No one can keep the birds of ill omen from flying over his house but at least we can keep them from nesting in our hair'.—Yours, etc.,

Harpenden

N. W. PIRIE

### Is Charity Out of Date?

Sir,—Mr. Guy Keeling needs correction on several points: but one particularly.

The repair of churches has never been recognised as a duty of the state; and the taxes give nothing towards their upkeep. Oddly enough, this object is attended to by those dangerously capricious things—private trusts; and will be until the principle of *cy pres* is widened sufficiently to permit their funds being applied to—perhaps—national psychiatric clinics.—Yours, etc.,  
London, S.W.7 EDGAR CASTLE

Sir,—Mr. Keeling in his talk on charity (*THE LISTENER*, July 30) looks to the large trusts to lead the way in social experiments, and I agree



that their role is an important one. The ordinary citizen however plays little or no part in their activities and in these days of the Welfare State it is important, I think, to bring home to everyone that there is still something which the individual can do to help remedy the social evils that remain. Through voluntary work and contributions in cash he can help one of the many small societies that exist to further particular causes and such an acceptance of personal responsibility will bring a reward both to the community and the individual.

Let us not forget that the ordinary man can help a good cause. Though taxation is high we can all at a pinch spare something either in time or in money.—Yours, etc.,

Bromley

MAX PHILLIPS

### Moving Mountains

Sir,—Referring to the letter in THE LISTENER of July 30 by Mr. D. A. Wilkins, criticising the talk on Christian Science, by Mr. Robert Peel, I suggest that the nature of the evidence produced by the 'demonstration' is precisely the same as it was in the case of the man born blind as recorded in the ninth chapter of St. John's Gospel, and can be consulted by 'the interested layman' in just the same way.

Moreover, neither the psychologist's kind of faith healing nor that effected by material medicine is by any means 'ruled out'—it is merely put into a basically different category of healing. Could any physical scientist today affirm that there is an all-embracing universal 'law of nature' applicable to all cases? Surely the most that could be affirmed is that such laws can 'only be applied within the limits of our sure means of observation and with reasonable extension to adjacent cases'?

Mrs. Eddy writes on page 123 of *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*: 'Christian Science differs from material science, but not on that account is it less scientific. On the contrary Christian Science is pre-eminently scientific, being based on Truth, the Principle of all science'.

The definitions of God in Mr. Peel's article are not 'attributes'—they are synonyms for God.

What possible meaning is there in Mr. Wilkins' expression 'some foundation in psychology' or that 'we get our ideas of infinity in the last resort by speculating [!] upon our sense data'? Mr. Wilkins seems merely to be confirming St. Paul's statement that the things of the Spirit are sheer nonsense to the carnal mind.—Yours, etc.,

Charminster

LEWIS W. HIPWELL

### Dutch Policy in Asia

Sir,—May I reply to the main points raised by Mr. G. Young in his criticism of my talk?

1. 'Against the goodwill of a Sharir or Shari-foedin (there) was the fanatical obsession of ninety-nine other native leaders to eradicate Dutch influence even at the price of ruining their land'. If the figure ninety-nine is meant (as I assume) to be a percentage, it is grossly exaggerated. Nevertheless, I agree that a substantial proportion of Indonesians, both leaders and led, subscribed to such views. But that surely is a criticism of Dutch policy rather than of my analysis of its weaknesses. I agree entirely: the Indonesians did want a change.

2. The excellent educational institutions to which Mr. Young refers were intended primarily to serve the needs of Dutch and Eurasians, as my talk pointed out. Admittedly, many Chinese also made good use of them and so did some Indonesians. But, until recently, the latter consisted mainly of the future members of the Indonesian branch of the civil service, and were largely the children of existing members of that service, which was a small and privileged section

of the community. By and large it was true that the mass of Indonesians were educated, if at all, to be mere hewers of wood and drawers of water, and that the obstacles to their obtaining a better education were a major cause of unrest. In this vital respect the situation in Indonesia did not compare favourably with that in the British Asian territories before the war.

3. 'Surely the first responsibility of a colonial government is to ensure the optimum state of welfare of the governed. Is there some special virtue in starving them?' Certainly it is part of the duty of a colonial government to look after material welfare and, as I stated, the Dutch did so in exemplary fashion. Even so, a great many Indonesians preferred in pre-war days to cross the Straits of Malacca in order to benefit from the higher standard of living in British Malaya. I cannot, therefore, see the point of Mr. Young's hysterical and rhetorical question. However, I do not concede that a colonial government's duty embraces nothing more than material welfare. Here we come to the essential argument of my talk, namely, that 'the weakness of Dutch policy was the assumption that man lives by bread alone, and that it is somehow possible to kill home rule by kindness'. The crux of the colonial problem throughout the world today is that, once a people has gained the opportunity to think for itself, it may well decide that self-government is more desirable than good government (though the two are not necessarily incompatible). If it then goes on to demand Gandhi's 'right to make mistakes', on what ethically justifiable grounds can this right be withheld? The Dutch, partly because of an exceptionally marked dependence economically on Indonesia, partly out of a desire to remain a world power, and partly from a conviction of the innate incapacity of the Indonesians, have consistently refused to face the implications of this problem, and have taken refuge in fanciful notions such as 'synthesis'. The trouble was that the Indonesians, not surprisingly, could see little difference between the synthetic and the *Ersatz*, and had no interest in the Dutch experiment.

The British, on the other hand, learned something from their experience with America and, starting in their settler colonies in the New World, developed a tradition of preparing their dependencies for democratic self-government. This policy, in the course of time, became extended also to territories inhabited by peoples of non-British stock. In India, Pakistan, and Ceylon the preparation has been sufficiently effective for the experiment to offer good prospects of success; the same, it is to be hoped, applies also to West Africa. If this policy continues to succeed, it may be claimed that the British Commonwealth has found a means of reconciling the desires of Asians and Africans for self-government with the no less pressing need for maintaining cultural and economic ties between their countries and the west.

Unfortunately, however, the presence of a substantial middle component in a society, whether it be the Anglo-Irish, the white settlers in central and eastern Africa, or the Eurasians in Indonesia, creates complications of the kind I tried to explain. I did not pretend that the British, or anyone else, had worked out a satisfactory answer to the problems posed by this particular form of plural society and, indeed, I personally am apprehensive of the consequences which are likely to follow from present policy in central and eastern Africa, which I would regard as a departure from the true British colonial tradition. As Miss Margery Perham recently stated: 'People who feel their human dignity injured cannot be soothed by material palliatives'. That was a lesson we ought to have learned from our experiences in Ireland, and we run a terrible risk if we ignore it now.

Mr. Young's final point concerned the continuance of British rule in Malaya. Unlike Indonesia, in which alien Asians (mainly Chinese) amount to only about 2 per cent. of the population, Malaya—including Singapore—has a population consisting of: Malays, 43.5 per cent.; Chinese, 44.5 per cent.; and Indians, 10.3 per cent. Until these peoples can begin to think of themselves as a Malayan nation, any transfer of sovereignty would be a meaningless gesture. It is now, belatedly in my view, the avowed aim of British policy both to foster the growth of Malayan nationhood, and to train the people for self-government in the not distant future. Whether, when the appropriate time comes, the British Government of the day may favour a less enlightened policy—if Malaya's tin and rubber still remain valuable earners of dollars—I do not know. But, at least in present circumstances, the point is somewhat academic.

Yours, etc.,

University College,  
Leicester

CHARLES FISHER

### The Lost Leader

Sir,—On reading the talk in THE LISTENER of July 30 written by W. Bridges-Adams I was astonished by the sentence 'He was half Scottish, half Italian', etc. This is an extraordinary mis-statement. Harley Granville-Barker was my first cousin. His father was born in Hereford of a father who was a Midlander of a Warwickshire family of the very far-distant-past and of a mother who came of a line comprising Herefordshire and borderland families; there was certainly no Scottish blood at all. Harley's Christian name came from the Harley family.

Italian blood there was, but it was not half, as Harley's mother traced her descent to the Devon family Granville (previously Greville of the Sir Richard Greville of naval fame) on her father's side; this latter was a Church of England parson.—Yours, etc.,

Hereford

FRANCIS W. ALLEN

### Painting in Paris Today

Sir,—Reading the talk by Georges Duthuit, printed in THE LISTENER dated July 30, on 'Painting in Paris Today' made me wonder (not very hopefully) if art and artists would ever enjoy such popularity and prestige in this country. At the present time an artist here is treated as an anachronistic wastrel: if he receives fifty guests at his private view he is exceedingly fortunate and he has to be content with a few lines of print in the national press.

Why is art accepted in France with joy and open arms when here it is looked upon by the majority as esoteric nonsense?—Yours, etc.,

Yours, etc.,

London, W.2

ROY TURNER DURRANT

### Charm of Old Names

Sir,—Anent Margaret Jago's welcome letter: as many old field names have been preserved through being 'handed down' vocally it is well to look first at local dialect (and alert to corruptions) for origins, as she has done.

Though no one may feel able to act on her suggestion for the formation of a society for the preservation and general use of these attractive old names, I should welcome information as to names, ancient, quaint, and pleasant-sounding, from readers. One imagines that some are associated with picturesque story or legend if only they could be traced. In regard to the former suggestion the good work and continued existence of the English Place-Name Society should not be overlooked by any readers interested.

Yours, etc.,

94A, Evesham Road,  
Stratford-upon-Avon

JOHN BIRD



# Gardening in August

By P. J. THROWER

**T**HE pruning of raspberries is one of the more important jobs to be done this month. Most of the varieties will by now almost have finished their fruiting for this year, and those canes which have provided you with the fruit are of no further use to the plant. If you left them, they would only die off during the coming winter, so get your secateurs out, or a sharp knife, and cut them off to ground level. The light and air can then get to the young canes, and next year's crop will be all the better for it. After you have cut out all those canes that have fruited, look through the young ones: cut out any weak ones, and some of the stronger ones where they are too thick. Those that you are going to leave to grow on should be from nine to twelve inches apart.

There are a good many diseased raspberries about—those affected by virus, which produce only a quarter of what they should do. These should be taken out, roots as well, and burnt without hesitation. If they are left they will affect the healthy canes, because a virus disease is so easily carried from plant to plant by greenfly or other insects which live by sucking the plant sap. Also, if any of your raspberry canes are stunted in their growth, thin and weak, or at this time of the year are showing yellow mottlings on the leaves, my advice to you is to dig them out and burn them and begin with a fresh clean stock. It is a big job and requires perseverance but when you see a healthy row of raspberries fruiting, and compare it with an unhealthy row, what a difference there is!

The black currants should be pruned as soon as the last fruits have been picked. You have no doubt noticed that the black currant, like the raspberry, fruits next year on the growths produced during this summer. That is why it is so important to prune black currants as early as possible, so that those young growths have a fair chance to get their full share of light and air to make healthy well-ripened wood. Cut out as much of the old fruiting growth as you can and leave eight or ten good, strong growths coming up from the base of the bushes.

Now to the strawberries, a favourite in so many gardens, but another fruit crop which is so often not done as well as it should be. Did you layer any plants in pots earlier in the year? If you did, I am sure you will be delighted with them, but even if you did not you will no doubt find some nice plants well rooted in the ground between the rows of older plants; the wet weather has been ideal for them. Do not plant any runners from plants which have cropped badly or any which look weak and stunted in their growth, or from those which show a distinct yellowing round the edges of the leaves. If there is virus disease on the old plants it is bound to be in the young plants, and they should all be taken up and burnt.

That brings me to the preparation of the ground where the young plants are to go. We must bear in mind that these plants are to remain there for about three years, and we want three good crops from them, so it is time well spent to prepare the ground really well. When I was working in a private garden we always had to trench the ground for

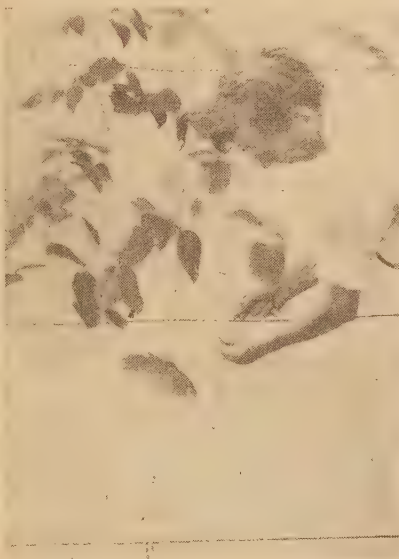
strawberries three spits deep and put in loads of good manure. I am not suggesting that you should do it as thoroughly and laboriously as that, but I do suggest that this is the one part of the garden which is really worth some manure or good garden compost. Dig the ground over to the depth of a good spade, keep a clear trench as you proceed with the digging, put the manure or compost along the bottom of each trench and give it a liberal sprinkling of bone meal so that you can see it lying white along each trench. When you have finished the digging, tread it well all over to make the soil firm, rake over the surface, and it is ready for planting.

If your plants are in pots, give them a good watering before you knock them out for planting. If they are in the ground, lift them with as much soil on the roots as you can and give them a good watering

after planting. In the actual planting remember that good plants will make a lot of foliage and will need plenty of room. Measure the rows off first and mark the end of each row with a piece of stick; the rows should be three feet apart. Next, put the line across the bed and measure off where each plant is to go: this will need to be at least two and a half feet apart, so that when your bed is planted the plants are two and a half feet apart in the rows, with three feet between the rows. Make each hole with the trowel large enough to take all the roots without cramping and sufficiently deep so that when you push the soil in round the plants the young growth in the



Raspberry canes before pruning—



—and after pruning

centre or crown of the plant is showing above the surface. Press the soil in with the fingers so that the plants are really firm. Firm planting is one of the secrets of success. If you do it like this, weather permitting, you will have a good crop the first year after planting and you will feel you have been repaid for your work and trouble.

Another 'fruit', usually included in the vegetable garden, is the outdoor tomato. If you have planted the bush variety, the 'Amateur', the fruits will be very prominent and the largest about the size of golf balls. There is no side shooting or stopping to be done on these but they will want some straw spread round each plant to keep the fruits off the soil. I am certain this variety has come to stay. If it is the cordon type you are growing, either against a wall or on stakes across the garden, then all the side shoots from the leaf joints must be pinched out before they get too large. The first two or three trusses should have fruit on and the fourth truss should be either in flower or in bud: pinch out the centre growth of each plant one leaf above the fourth truss. In our short summer we cannot expect the plants to grow to maturity more than four trusses. It is much better to have four bunches of well developed fruit than five or six with a lot of small ones which will never be sufficiently developed to ripen when you have to gather them at the end of September. Potash will help them to ripen more quickly and I would suggest that once a week from now onwards you sprinkle about a dessertspoonful of fertilizer, one with a high potash content, round each plant, and if the weather is dry, as we hope it soon will be, water it well into the soil.—From a talk in the Midland Home Service



## Art

# 'The Burns of Painting'

DOUGLAS PERCY BLISS on Thomas Bewick, who was born 200 years ago next week

**A**VAUNT this vile abuse of pictured page! Must eyes be all in all?' cried Wordsworth in 1846, worried about the number of illustrated books and magazines even then appearing. But Wordsworth much admired Bewick, the wood-engraver, 'the genius who dwells on the banks of the Tyne'. And it was through the technical development of Bewick in his craft that so many pages came to be pictured last century.

Illustration for the middle classes, good popular illustration, had to wait for the development of a cheap efficient means of reproduction. Wood-blocks had the one great advantage over metal-plates and lithographic stones that, their printing surface being in relief, they could be set up with types and printed with them. Lithographs and intaglio prints had to be inserted and this added to their cost. But a public accustomed to the quality of fine 'steels' could never tolerate the crudity of pre-Bewickian 'cuts'. It was, therefore, Bewick's work on the end-grain of boxwood which demonstrated the potentialities of that medium for colour and refinement, and led to the flowering of all that was most characteristic in Victorian illustration.

Thomas Bewick was born on August 12, 1753, and in this bi-centenary year he must be honoured as the pioneer of reproductive wood-engraving. Yet he was himself a creative artist, engraving his own designs. Ruskin was another Bewick enthusiast. 'I know no drawing so subtle as Bewick's since the fifteenth century, except Holbein's and Turner's'. He found in Bewick 'intellectual power of the highest order' and in his vignettes qualities which he had never seen equalled.

Bewick has a third claim to our gratitude. He was a naturalist-illustrator in advance of his time. His *Quadrupeds* and *British Birds*, the books which keep his name evergreen, contain figures which not only for accuracy of observation and subtlety of drawing, but for sheer decorative beauty have never been surpassed. Ruskin called Bewick 'the Burns of Painting', and certainly in much of their work these two peasants of genius were closely akin. But how different were their characters and their fates. Bewick was a stern Puritan, somewhat litigious, given to preaching, indefatigable in all things. He found the energy to execute the blocks for his *Quadrupeds* and *British Birds* after the labours of the day, when he had shut his Newcastle shop for the night. Then he settled down, glass in eye, quid in mouth, nightcap on head, his tools at hand. For entertainment there was a tankard of ale and a friendly clergyman who read over the draft of next Sunday's sermon.

The success of his books made Bewick famous but not rich. Phy-

sically he was a splendid fellow, a fighter, a tramp, a regular John Bull. A devoted son, he did not marry until his parents died and then he chose a wife, as he chose a piece of boxwood, with an eye to durability. His *Memoirs* have their *longueurs*, but they are full of good things. He must have been a good master. His pupils made dazzling successes and carried his methods to London and Paris. For his own part, he would not be tempted to London. Newcastle and the country up Tyne were more to him than money.

With a few notable exceptions, Bewick's blocks were all small and oval in shape. Delightful as are his figures of animals and birds, when he drew them from observation, even more delightful are the tail-pieces with which he interspersed his books. Their peculiar excellence

was at once apparent and they were sometimes reprinted by themselves without text or figures. In these 'tale-pieces of gaiety and humour', as he called them, the grim old engraver is most himself and ranks high among illustrators. All the little world between Newcastle and Cherryburn, the place of his glorious boyhood, is enclosed in these closely-wrought miniatures. All are there—the fields, farms, woods, streams, the beauty of which he felt so deeply; the birds and beasts he knew and loved so well; and, of course, the crofters, tinkers, sportsmen for whom, it would seem, he felt less kindness. He aimed at inculcating great truths, at



Two engravings by Bewick: 'The Swan Goose', from *The History of British Birds*—

improvement by means of fun, but some of his little blocks disturbed his admirers by their coarseness and what Ruskin calls their 'ugliness'. Bewick passionately deplored cruelty in man or boy, but he could be very cruel in his own vignettes. The old and blind and crippled fare sadly on his stage. A moral is drawn from every situation. There are lessons everywhere. Every graveyard is a *memento mori*, every old castle a symbol of the instability of fortune. Nothing endures.

A Gate and a field half-ploughed,  
A solitary cow,  
A child with a broken slate,  
And a titmouse on a bough,  
But where, alas, is Bewick  
To tell the meaning now?

How delightfully the lines of Arthur Tennyson sum up the old Novocastrian's work! For much of his life Bewick was concerned in illustrating Aesop. The wisdom and humour of the fabulist is present in much of his best work. He is never happier than when engraving birds and beasts in the farmyard. But these tiny landscapes in which he has no didactic intention are often of the loveliest, for example, the 'Hunting Scene in Winter'. The men are closing in on the hare. The dog goes lippety lippety over the deep snow. It is so cold that the huntsman hugs the gun under his coat-tails to avoid the cold of its barrel. A cut like this is so miraculously fine that two pennies will cover it. Enlarged from a lantern-slide it is equally impressive. What an artist the old craftsman was! How proud Newcastle has every right to be of such a son. No illustrator in the great century of illustration which he did so much to make possible could tell a story better than he. Without him the world would be a poorer place. His life is still an inspiration, and the best of his work has lost none of its power to charm with the passage of a century and a half.



—and 'The Cur Fox', from *The History of Quadrupeds*



# The Triple Revolt in East Asia

By C. P. FITZGERALD

**B**EFORE the late war few people in Australia concerned themselves with the problems of eastern Asia. Comfortably insulated, as they supposed, by the intervening colonial empires of Holland and Great Britain, the Australians contented themselves with a vehement assertion of the white Australia policy, and left it to others to maintain the political situation, which made that policy possible.

## The Near North

Then came the Japanese invasions; Australia was threatened with, and only just saved from, the fate which befell the Philippines, Malaya, and the Dutch East Indies. Although Japan was rolled back and finally defeated, this experience has left a permanent mark on the Australian mind. It is now the fashion to speak of eastern Asia not as the Far East but as the Near North. It is a symptom of this new mood of realism and of the wholly changed scene in the neighbouring lands, once under western colonial rule, that an important and penetrating book on the problems of eastern Asia should come from the pen of a distinguished Australian, and be published in Australia. *Nationalism and Communism in East Asia\** is the work of Professor MacMahon Ball, who has had much first-hand experience of those movements in the Far East, when he was the Commonwealth representative on the Allied Council for Japan in 1946 and 1947. Defining east Asia as India and all the countries lying to the east, he examines their present situation and analyses the causes of their unrest. In all he finds a triple revolution in progress. There is the nationalist revolt, which aims at securing or safeguarding political independence; the social revolt, which too often finds expression in communist movements; and, finally, what the author calls the racial revolt, a wide and sure determination to relieve the white man of his burden and rid the continent of Asia of his domination.

In every country in east Asia these forces are at work, but the emphasis varies and the differing revolutionary movements sometimes work in harmony and sometimes in conflict. The nationalist movement—the first and still perhaps the strongest urge of the three—seeks to gain for the countries of Asia the same ends which the great patriot nationalists of Europe achieved in the nineteenth century. The ends for which Garibaldi fought, and Byron died, are the same as those which have inspired Nehru in India and Sun Yat-sen in China—national independence and unity: freedom from foreign rule, under democratic institutions. These purposes are now everywhere regarded with sympathy and respect. In so far as the old colonial powers still retain control of part or all of their former empires, it is only with the avowed intention of organising their own peaceful withdrawal and the transfer of power to nationalist rather than to communist hands. Western opposition to the nationalism of Asia is now either wholly ineffective or completely dead, but at the very moment when the nationalists are in sight of their goal, the second revolutionary force—the social revolt—arises to snatch control from their hands and involve the countries of Asia in a far-reaching and profound convulsion.

## Consciousness of Nationhood through Subjection

In Asia the consciousness of nationhood was attained through the actual loss or impending loss of national independence. The peoples of Asia only realised that they formed nations when they had become subjects. Equally the consciousness of grinding poverty and the belief that it could be remedied came only from observing the comfort and luxury of the alien rulers and the slowly seeping knowledge of the better living conditions of the west. In the heyday of colonial empires, little enough was done to meet the economic problems of the subject peoples; exploitation—mild or harsh—was the reason for foreign rule. The idea that the foreigner ruled in Asia to improve the lot of Asians certainly never occurred to the first conquerors, and made way among the imperial peoples only in the last decades of their rule. There was no great liberal reform in the nineteenth century; no sweeping away of feudal privilege; no initiation of democratic government. In Asia the European was content to govern in the Asiatic way, only—as he

hoped—better. The Asiatic subject peoples did not always appreciate this sometimes subtle shade of difference. The consequence of this time-lag has been that no democratic parties promoting social and economic reforms arose in Asia. All energy was concentrated on the struggle either to regain or to keep national independence. When that goal was reached, the social systems and the economic conditions remained as archaic and as unequal as they had been 200 years before, when the European first came to rule.

But the poverty had become, if not greater, much more deeply resented and widely felt. The peasant will not be content to accept misery in the name of nationalism. A social revolt must inevitably catch up with the national movement and submerge it or fuse with it. Communism, the latest of the great European movements of the left, arrived in Asia in time to assume direction of this social revolt. There had never been a liberal reforming movement; socialism was almost still-born in Asia; communism inherited the whole claim, and asserted that it alone stood for the people and the poor, against the oppressor, be he a foreign ruler or a native landlord. By and large, this claim has been accepted by a very large proportion of the peasantry and artisans of eastern Asia; and by a still higher proportion of the younger intellectuals. But it is a claim which, unlike those of nationalism, the west vehemently denies; when nationalist movements combine with communist revolt—as in Indo-China—the west, determined to oppose the spread of communism, is forced into the position of frustrating nationalist aims also, and thus forfeits the sympathy of the other nations of Asia. From this dilemma our statesmen have so far not found any way to escape.

## 'Freedom from Contempt'

The third strand in the triple revolt, Professor MacMahon Ball calls the racial revolt, and states its aim in a penetrating phrase as the determination to secure 'freedom from contempt'. This revolt inspires all Asians of every class and country, and gives to the revolutionary surge a kind of overall unity of sentiment, which transcends even the violent hostility of nationalist and communist. The views of the Indian democrat Nehru, the Chinese nationalist Chiang, and his enemy the communist leader Mao Tse-tung and of their common enemies, the Japanese warlords of the past, are on this matter all in harmony. Passages from Nehru's works, from Chiang's book, *China's Destiny*, and from the writings of Mao Tse-tung and the Japanese super-patriots, could be quoted to prove this unity of sentiment in regard to the claims of the west and the air of superiority which Europeans so often assumed in Asia.

When the Chinese communist armies entered Korea, and drove back the forces of the United Nations from the Yalu river, the feelings of pride and joy at this reversal of roles were openly expressed by Asians who would be the first to suffer from communism if it triumphed in their own country. Yet this patent fact is one which seems almost entirely ignored by the makers of western policy in Asia today. In our attitudes to Asian claims and to Asia's revolt, we now assume the sadder and wiser tone of one who has got over his own youthful follies and deplores the impetuous behaviour of the young. It is easy to point out that nationalism is out of date; that most nation states are too small to be economic or military units, and to show that the true line of advance lies in wide federations and the achievement of a real United Nations organisation. We do not, however, always practise what we preach. The Asian who is told that his independence movement is anachronistic because he seeks freedom from European rule, may well ask whether the European suzerain is not just as out of date in jealously guarding his own sovereignty at home.

The westerner will also repudiate the communist claim to be the heir of the liberal tradition of social reform. Communism, he will say, is on the contrary an authoritarian creed, a dead end, from which—unless Asia can escape—no lasting and beneficial reforms can ever issue. The west declared its intention to contain communism, and denies that in Asia this can mean to frustrate reform. Yet very few



Asians, not wholly committed to some anti-communist party, will accept this easy repudiation of the communist achievement in Asia. The Asian peasant was not offered a choice between liberal institutions and communist dictatorship; he was offered a choice between some sort of sweeping social change, led by communists, and reaction masquerading as nationalism. Most Asians will think that to contain communism does in fact, if not in intention, mean to uphold an outworn social system, and a corrupt ruling class. Unfortunately, the Asian revolt against European and western leadership prevents the west from adopting a more positive policy and, instead of negatively containing communism, actively promoting democracy. It is no longer possible for the west to take the political initiative in Asia, and thus respect for nationalist feeling leads too often to the defence of dictatorships in the name of democracy.

It is also true, of course, that in spite of a superficial unity of Asian sentiment, in respect of western claims to superiority, there is no underlying unity on the continent of Asia. Asians differ from each other much more profoundly than do the Europeans; the Asian has no common religion; no common physical type, no common history. China differs from India in all these things far more widely than she differs from Europe. Generalisations about the east are usually either meaningless or applicable to any community at a certain stage of economic progress. The unity is all on the side of the western nations who dominated large parts of Asia, and such unity as Asia feels is a reaction against the monolithic west. This, of course, does not make the reaction any the less violent, while it lasts. The racial revolt, as Professor MacMahon Ball calls it, is thus not really racial in any ethnic sense, but a kind of transcendent nationalism linking diverse peoples in common opposition to a common adversary. It is not a force comparable to the pure nationalism of the various Asian peoples themselves. The Japanese, the most ardent of Asiatic nationalists, soon found that their pan-Asiatic propaganda, while useful when the Europeans still ruled, was ineffective once the Japanese themselves took over and occupied the erstwhile colonies. Soon they had to contend with local nationalists, just as anti-Japanese as they were anti-European. Once the Asian has won his freedom from contempt—a freedom already his today—it is improbable that anti-European sentiment will remain a binding force. Its last stimulus comes from the largely accidental opposition of the west to certain Asian countries where communism and nationalism have merged their claims. While the west still seems to deny, or to question, the right of China or of Indo-China to have a communist government, while such regimes are tolerated in eastern Europe, and recognised as permanent in Russia, the Asian will still feel that the west wishes to dictate and to dominate; if no longer by force, then by moral pressures.

Professor MacMahon Ball examines in turn all the countries of eastern Asia, and, applying the analysis of the triple revolt itself, finds little to comfort him in any of them. Too often the three-fold revolt cannot solve the great underlying problems. Neither national independence nor democratic government can cure the inherent poverty of the Indian peasant. And communism could only rationalise their vast

misery. This perhaps is all the communists can hope to do in China, at least for many decades; especially if they are lured by national ambition into maintaining large military forces which their own industrial capacity cannot equip. Japan, the most vast economy in Asia, is at present held in the western camp by inducements which the author considers largely artificial and transitory.

In the Philippines the stark contrast between corrupt administration and peasant poverty offer the communists a local opportunity similar to, and even better than, that which they found in nationalist China. Even in Korea, where the west has poured blood and treasure to repel aggression, Professor Ball finds 'that the Koreans feel more generally sympathetic to China than to any western nation. This is chiefly due to a sense of neighbourhood and similarity of culture, and of Asian suspicion of the west. These feelings have probably been strengthened during the present conflict, partly because of a superiority of weapons and air power possessed by the United Nations. These forces have had almost a monopoly of bringing terror and destruction from the air'.

In Burma, almost alone, Professor Ball sees signs of something more encouraging. Here, an independent state recently liberated from colonial rule is governed by parties of the left which are not communist and are, indeed, actually fighting their own communist uprising with success. Disturbed though Burma still may be, she yet offers a proof of the wisdom of the British post-war policy of withdrawal. Had the British stayed to help a Burmese government of the right to suppress disorder, it is safe to say that we should now find ourselves in the same situation as the French in Indo-China, fighting a national uprising increasingly controlled by the Communist Party. If, as seems very probable, the Burmese socialist government overcomes the waning communist insurrection, and also pacifies the Karen uprising, Burma will be the first country in east Asia to demonstrate that there exists an alternative to communism which is not blind reaction, and that communist risings can be better quelled by moderate native policies than by alien armed intervention.

Professor MacMahon Ball declares that the aim of his book was to stimulate thought, and in this it certainly fully succeeds. Many readers, perhaps, will wish that he could have also given them a little more information about the history of the countries with which he deals in the crucial years since the Japanese invasions. Recent history is always hard to come by, and the tangled story of Indonesian independence, of the Viet-minh movement in Indo-China, and of the Burmese civil wars, illustrating as they do the divergent fates of three countries formerly European colonies, and the consequences of three different policies, followed by the former suzerain powers, would be a valuable contribution to our understanding of east Asia today.

The book is written by an Australian, and one may hope that very many of his fellow-countrymen will study it, for it deeply concerns their future. But many of the operative decisions which determine western policy in the Far East are made in London and thus reflect British public opinion. It is to be hoped that such opinion will be guided by reading this wise and balanced book.—*Third Programme*

## December: of Aphrodite

Whatever the books may say, or the plausible  
Chroniclers intimate: that I was mad,  
That an unsettling wind that season  
Fretted my sign and fetched up violence  
From the vagaries of dream, or even that pride  
Is a broad road with few turnings, do not  
Believe them. In her name I acted.

(Vidal once, the extravagant of heart  
For the love of a woman went mad, mad as a wolf,  
And the hounds tore him; Hercules, crazed  
By that jealous goddess, murdered his children;  
Samson, from a woman's lap, woke blinded,  
Turning a mill in Gaza; Adam, our father,  
Eating from his wife's hand, fell from the garden.)

Not that from heaven she twisted my tenderness  
Into a hand of rage, nor because she delighted  
In burnt offering, I in my five senses  
Cut throats of friends, burned the white harvest, waged

Seven months' havoc even among  
Her temples; but because she waited always  
There in the elegant shell, asking for sweetness.

And though it was in her name the land was ravaged,  
Spilled and dishonoured, let it not be said  
That by her wiles it was done, nor that she gave  
That carnage her blessing. All arrogant demons  
Pretending changelessness, who came first when she called,  
Have faded and are spent, till out of the strong,  
Without death, she conjured the honeycomb.

She sits at evening under a grey arch  
Where many marvels fell, where all has fallen:  
The blue over her dolphins, the poplar leaves,  
The cold rain, all but the grave myrtle  
And the rings of her ring-doves. The doge of one calendar  
Would give her a name of winter, but where I stand  
In the hazed gold of her eyes, the world is green.

W. S. MERWIN



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

**Russia After Stalin. By I. Deutscher.**

Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.

**The Reign of Stalin. By A. Ulanov.**

Bodley Head. 18s.

MR. DEUTSCHER BEGINS by quoting the invocation to Mother Earth from Shelley's lines 'On Hearing the News of the Death of Napoleon': 'What, Mother, do you laugh now he is dead?' The most appropriate text for his book would, however, be the remark of the French historian of revolution, Albert Sorel, that, with the fall of Robespierre, 'humanity and toleration returned to the revolution'. The main theme of Mr. Deutscher's closely reasoned argument is that the death of Stalin can and may bring, not an end of the revolution, but its liberalisation, what he calls 'a gradual democratic regeneration of the regime'. He was one of the few who, immediately after Stalin's death, committed himself to the prediction that it would mean a decisive break with the policies and practices of the Stalin epoch. The dramatic changes which followed—the reversal of the verdict on the 'doctor's conspiracy', the switch-over to appeasement of the western Powers in foreign policy, the sudden and demonstrative end put to the personal adulation of Stalin in the Soviet press, seemed brilliantly to justify the prediction. In this book Mr. Deutscher seeks to expand it, to base it on a theoretical analysis, and to explain the conditions in which it may remain valid.

Mr. Deutscher's view of the Stalinist achievement is a deeply divided one. He accepts the collectivisation of the peasant as a 'historical necessity', and he believes that the industrialisation of Russia could never have been brought about without the recognition and enforcement of measures of economic and social equality which seemed to contradict every principle for which the revolution had initially stood. He carefully refrains from admitting that the end justifies the means, and stoutly refuses to make himself an apologist for terror and forced labour. But he makes the reader acutely and painfully conscious of the historical dilemma. His own escape from it seems to be found in his belief that a stage of development has been reached in which the fierce methods of repression which characterised and stained the Stalin epoch are no longer required to achieve these 'necessary' results and have thus become irrelevant. At a time when productivity has risen steeply, both in industry and in agriculture, when standards of living are on the mend, and education and political consciousness have spread far and wide, a cry of revolt against the methods of Stalinism was bound to be heard as soon as Stalin's powerful personality was withdrawn from the scene. This has happened. Nothing is certain about the events and changes of the last few months except that they indicate a dramatic eagerness on the part of Stalin's successors to dissociate themselves from Stalin and from much that was done in his name. The hatred felt for 'Stalinism' needs no further proof. But whether the new regime is strong enough to cast aside these methods and to introduce and perpetuate the liberalising tendencies which they have proclaimed, or whether the conditions which produced Stalinism will still bring about a return to the past, is an issue which cannot be decided on the experiences of a few weeks or months.

In contrast with Mr. Deutscher's profound and original analysis, which puts the case for optimism far more persuasively than any Soviet

writer has yet dared to do, Mr. Ulanov has little that is new to say and ends on a note of utter pessimism. He wrote long before Stalin's death: *The Reign of Stalin* is a translation of a book published in French as long ago as 1951. One may feel sympathy with the writer as an individual. By origin a Chechen, he lived to see the Chechen people expelled from their homes in 1944, and their little autonomous republic abolished, as a penalty for their alleged treason at the time of the German invasion. But a catalogue of grievances, however well founded, is not enough to make a good book; and these well-worn denunciations of the Stalinist regime, not all of them by any means based on personal experience, make this a somewhat wearisome addition to the anti-Soviet literature of the past few years.

**Saints in Politics: the 'Clapham Sect' and the Growth of Freedom. By Ernest Marshall Howse. Allen and Unwin. 16s.**

This short book (189 pages plus a very long but rather undifferentiated bibliography) can be unhesitatingly recommended as a general introduction to a large subject. Unlike many writers of university theses, Dr. Howse has not tangled himself inextricably in the trees of his theme; his eye is very clearly on the wood; he writes readably and with obvious enthusiasm for the objects of his study, and his introductory chapter shows a welcome unwillingness to subscribe to the now fashionable view that there was really little to object to in the social condition of Britain in the age of the industrial revolution and the French wars. The only minor criticism which might be made of his presentation is that he might have relied a trifle more on his own powers and a trifle less upon unimportant quotations from other sources. There was surely no need to reprint, complete with reference note, the *Cambridge Modern History's* forty-five-year-old comment on Lord Teignmouth's term as Governor-General of India, that 'after the utmost allowance has been made . . . no very great praise can be bestowed on his conduct of affairs'—and this is not the only example.

Dr. Howse has contributed to the story of the 'Clapham Sect' some new research of his own, including the correction of the *D.N.B.* on a point of fact—that Henry Thornton was never a Governor of the Bank of England—and an ascription of their nickname to Sir James Stephen rather than Sydney Smith. But this is not the main purpose of his book: the main purpose is to bring together, as has not hitherto been done in English, the remarkable achievements in public life of that band of Evangelical brothers. Dr. Howse covers the abolition of the slave trade, first by Britain alone, afterwards by agreement at the Congress of Vienna, and the subsequent freeing of the plantation slaves just before Wilberforce died, the troubles of Sierra Leone, some of which irresistibly recall the much later troubles of the Colonial Development Corporation, the fight to bring Christianity to India which led to the foundation of the Church Missionary Society, the Sunday School movement and the Bible Society, the efforts of Hannah and Martha More and the Religious Tract Society, the struggle against vice and cruel sports, duelling, lotteries, bull-baiting, the press gang, and climbing chimney-boys; and he refers generally to the great sympathy of the Clapham reformers to most of the 'good causes' of their day, save when they were frightened

into opposition by the conviction—which, unhappily, is more understandable to us today than when the Hammonds were writing their great books on the Town and Village Labourer—that anyone who had any sympathy with the ideals of the French Revolution must be attacking the very foundations of property, law, and civilised existence in Britain.

This last is the only part of the book on which controversy could arise. Dr. Howse's heroes are the Clapham Evangelicals, and, of course, Wilberforce above all; but he is faced with the bitter opposition which Wilberforce excited among contemporaries such as Cobbett, Hazlitt, and Sydney Smith, and with the criticism of the Hammonds and Canon Raven a hundred years later. Nobody ever supposed Cobbett to be either impartial or just, and Dr. Howse makes out a good case for believing that the Radicals both of his own time and of later generations did Wilberforce an injustice. The letter to Fowell Buxton, quoted here, congratulating him on his championship of the Spitalfields weavers, as well as many other actions, goes far to give the lie to Cobbett's indictment. Nevertheless, there *was* something of the unco' guid, as well as of the philanthropist frightened by revolution, in Wilberforce, Hannah More, Clarkson, Thornton, Macaulay and the rest of them; and Dr. Howse tends to dismiss it too lightly.

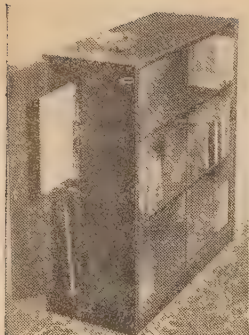
Two footnotes. (1) The propagandist organisation of the Anti-Slavery Society, here described, is worthy of fuller study by sociologists. Both the Anti-Corn-Law League and the Fabian Society learned much from it. (2) What has happened to the Utilitarians, who receive not so much as a single mention? This omission is the only blemish on a good book.

**Carson. By H. Montgomery Hyde. Heinemann. 25s.**

Few biographies are more interesting than those of experts, churchmen, scientists, trade unionists, or lawyers, translated from their speciality to an unfamiliar, more general sphere. The interest lies in the success or failure of the adaptation of the subject's peculiar talents to the new ground. Many men 'go into politics' for egotistical reasons. Carson appears to have done so merely because Arthur Balfour wanted to have an Irish Law Officer at his side in the House. From that point, he was slowly led into the jungle of politics in which the real and unreal, the practical and the ideal, consistency and opportunism recklessly flourish side by side. It is a singular case. In 1893, when as a member for T.C.D., he came to London, he was at the top of his profession in Ireland. His ability was enormous. Yet in some ways, he was an innocent: he did not even know the system of the English Bar; he knew even less about the temper and practice of politics at Westminster. Although his career in the Law Courts was rapid and spectacular, he seems never to have learned the technique of politics, and his parliamentary career, though he attained cabinet rank, was incoherent.

The reasons lie in his character. Carson was stiff; worse, he was solemn. A fighter, he fought in one way only. His humour was brutal: it may make you smile by its quickness, but, in essence, it is the knock-out blow of a boxer who has led his opponent into dropping his guard. His strategy and tactics in the Courts were Napoleonic. In handling his legal history, Mr. Hyde, himself a barrister of distinction, admirably demonstrates Carson's immense skill,





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not only as a cross-examiner, in which he was pre-eminent, but in the use of that sixth sense, which tells a counsel to refrain. Here Mr. Hyde has done Carson proud.

But the virtues which made him a success as a lawyer, were the reverse at Westminster. The battles of the assizes are not good training for the shadow-boxing of the Commons, where every cause may, in the end, be betrayed. With the penultimate phase of the Home Rule question, 1910-1914, with the thorough awakening of the dissident but compact and powerful minority in Ulster, Carson flung himself into a cause. To be frank, as presiding genius of this indigestible element in the question, Carson becomes a bore: so much of the context of the question, the shrinking Nationalists, the frivolous Tories ('Galloper' Smith), the Tom Broadbents of the Liberal Party, and Carson himself, a tail-coated Colclough, takes on the character of farce. With that unexpected fall of the curtain in August, 1914, he was finished—he became a cabinet minister. It was an error; cabinet ministers cannot take their ideals seriously; they have to exist in a world in which law yields to circumstance. Carson had been briefed by Ulster; he would not capitulate. So, he was not a good colleague, while, on the other hand, he could not be let loose.

The end, of course, came with the surrender of 1922 in the guise of a treaty. Hansard contains few phillipics; phillipics are not part of *les mœurs de la maison*. The denunciation delivered by Carson, now in the House of Lords, of the betrayers, the Unionist Party, of Austen Chamberlain and Birkenhead, should be read by every idealist who aspires to Parliament. It will do him good.

Mr. Hyde has done an excellent job with a not sympathetic, not very lovable character. Carson as a letter-writer is dull. Something of a hypochondriac, he had few interests outside his health and Ulster. But no one can fail to enjoy the brilliant advocacy in the cases of Oscar Wilde, Havelock Wilson, Cadbury, and above all, the Archer-Shee case.

### The Doctor and the Devils

By Dylan Thomas. Dent. 10s. 6d.

'Les Jeux Interdits' will seem pale beside the film to be made from this script, which is based on the murders of Burke and Hare. With exuberant skill and necrophilous glee Mr. Thomas deals with these two and that still more arresting figure, Dr. Knox, the Edinburgh Lecturer in Anatomy, whose devotion to science and dazzling disregard of the crowd led him to buy bodies which he half suspected had not met a natural death. This is the first time an author's scenario, unslashed, has appeared in print. 'Release' scripts—ones which have been monkeyed with—have been published before. But who would want to read them? Here is the original impulse of a fine writer. That does not make it a good script; for a good script is essentially tentative and points forward to something else, whereas good art is authoritative and leads back to itself. But it certainly makes it worth publishing.

The plot is presented in 140 sequences with 'shooting' directions interspersed. Straight away Mr. Thomas' peculiar and loving use of language has one fascinated like a child listening to a wicked uncle's bed-time story. There is great tenderness for the right word and the right music of narrative—qualities which can hardly struggle through in the final visual form. But there are also Hogarthian descriptions of the inside of the anatomy laboratory and the city streets and taverns, which the film, unless it is a 'U', should have great fun with. The visual appetite is thwarted only when we are not allowed to see the murders happen—an etiquette

of Greek tragedy surely wrong for mid-Victorian melodrama, where the hairy hands round the lily-white throat are quite in order. Clichés are used throughout with such gusto that they take on a sort of distinction. (Chesterton's *Man Who Was Thursday* has the same virtue.) 'I had thought of completing my observations on the structure of the stomach of the Peruvian llama tonight', says the Doctor loftily taking leave of his sister: the parodist in us is silenced by the blatant confidence of the thing, and the Doctor leaves us absolutely awed with claptrap which might have come from Danny Kaye in a Walter Mitty sequence.

*The Doctor and The Devils* makes splendid reading. Is it completely satisfying, though? Is it an art-form in its own right, as the blurb claims? One can read plays and imagine them on the stage while reading, because there is not a lot extra to imagine. But can one read a film script in the same way? Doesn't it inevitably appear a mere sketch for a work of art in a different medium? If, on the other hand, we are to look at it as a self-contained work of art, certain criticisms arise. There is a sameness about the murders; in the film that could be varied by tricks. The Doctor is a string of formidable remarks and attitudes, which do not quite make a character; in the film an actor could unite them. Remarks are too obviously made for the sake of the repartee to follow; in the film we would not have time to notice that.

Mr. Donald Taylor, who was responsible for the conception, describes the script as posing the problem of ends and means. No. No. It is just a good horripilant yarn.

### Social Psychology and Individual Values

By D. H. Harding. Hutchinson. 8s. 6d.

In this wise, discursive and stimulating book Professor Harding discusses 'the development of the social individual, the being who could realise virtually none of his possibilities without the elicitation offered by a social group, but whose growth remains individual, sometimes falling short of what society expects, sometimes going beyond it, sometimes taking directions that no member of the group has previously explored.' In recent years, since the early work of Benedict and Mead, the culture-pattern, as the shaping influence of personality, has occupied the attention of the majority of social psychologists. The individual is sometimes displayed as the mere player of roles in a drama which is no concern of his. Professor Harding has done something to restore the balance. 'Only in a limited sense', he says, 'does society create its individual members. In equally important senses they as individuals create the group'. It is true that social interaction is required for the development of capacities, and only in social relationships do they come to fruition. Nevertheless the member is not a mere functionary; as an innovator he plays a part in shaping the society which 'in a limited sense' shaped him.

Professor Harding takes in turn such topics as competition, pugnacity, social status and leadership, and he shows how each is a necessary feature of social life, fraught with dangers if not managed properly. He comments on the significance of small sub-groups, which enable individuals to develop their special gifts and thus add richness to social life. He points out how important it is that the social order should be stable enough to cohere, but plastic enough to provide opportunities for unusual excellence. Finally he calls our attention to the difficulties presented by the gifted minority, and to the need to ensure that they should not be stifled by the mediocre. His book is admirably written, as indeed we should expect of a psychologist who has already made contributions to English litera-

ture; it is addressed to the 'intelligent non-specialist', but it will be read with pleasure and profit by his professional colleagues.

### The Irony of American History

By Reinhold Niebuhr. Nisbet. 15s.

### The Private Papers of Senator

Vandenberg. Edited by Arthur H.

Vandenberg, Jr. Gollancz. 25s.

Secretary of State John Hay, struggling with the problems of diplomacy half a century ago, said in an angry moment that treaties entering the Senate for confirmation suffered the same fate as bulls entering the ring. The process might be swift, or protracted: but the outcome was death. This comment on one aspect of American government might be taken as typical of most aspects: the wise few of the Executive battle with the uninformed and obstinate hosts of the Legislature: the intelligent (if not the intelligentsia) confront the 'booboisie'. In matters of diplomacy the clash is especially serious, for here the issues are subtle and complex; negotiations may depend for their success upon secrecy; and the members of Congress are apt to know all too little of what goes on outside the United States. 'I'm certainly glad to be in Yugoslavia', one of them is supposed to have announced on stepping from his aircraft at Belgrade.

But is this a fair picture? These two books throw some light on the question. Reinhold Niebuhr is a theologian; Arthur Vandenberg was a Republican senator from Michigan. One might therefore expect a dramatic difference of outlook. Certainly their books are very different. Professor Niebuhr, with a lofty intelligence and detachment, examines the ironies of the international situation in terms of the United States. These ironies are, that the most avowedly 'innocent' nation in the world, and most determinedly uninterested in foreign affairs, is now the greatest power in the world, with the greatest potential for evil (as well as good) in its hands; that its ideological enemy, communism, represents in distorted shape the extension of those same liberal principles on which American history rests; and that America's very prosperity, which it regards as the reward of virtue, seems to much of the outside world merely proof of deep iniquity. Though there are tragic elements in such dilemmas, Professor Niebuhr prefers to call them 'ironic' because they are in part a consequence of the United States' own actions and beliefs, and because they will not necessarily lead to a tragic outcome, however galling and bewildering they appear to Americans. His analysis is brilliantly convincing.

One would not perhaps apply the word 'brilliant' to Senator Vandenberg. With his book we plunge from Union Theological Seminary into the day-to-day tangle of life in Washington during the years 1939-51. Ably edited by his son with the assistance of the journalist Joe Alex Morris, it is the record of hectic or laborious hours in small, smoke-filled hotel rooms and large smoke-filled convention halls, of coffee and sandwiches consumed in the hours after midnight, of racket and recalcitrance: of policies and their difficult births. These letters, diary-jottings and speeches lack the cool lucidity of Professor Niebuhr's prose; rather, they are *communiqués*, many of them from the debatable ground between President and Congress.

Yet, despite their differences, the two books have something in common. For Reinhold Niebuhr, the liberal mistake derives from an erroneous view of human nature. The American brand of liberalism, with its belief in human perfectibility and its Messianic confidence in the moral superiority of the New to the Old World,



has—he argues—left his countrymen ill-prepared to face the contemporary crisis. Fortunately, however, 'experience' has in America to some extent triumphed over the liberal 'dogma'. If the latter is expressed in the Declaration of Independence, the former finds its voice in the Constitution, with its 'shrewd awareness of the potential conflicts of power and passion in every community'. This is not to say that Professor Niebuhr advocates self-interest as the sole guide to American behaviour; indeed, he criticises Mr. Kennan's recent emphasis on a 'realistic' foreign policy. But he does contend that America's wise men, especially some of her social scientists, have offered bad and even absurd advice because they misinterpret human nature. 'Experience'—the everyday lessons learned by men in dealing with their fellows—has thus been a valuable corrective. And here we come to the connection with Senator Vandenberg. Though the Senator was not himself free from some of the misconceptions of the American liberal dogma, his native shrewdness enabled him to see further than many of his fellows. In a sense much of his energy was wasted in the perpetual tug-of-war of Congress and Executive. But not entirely wasted: for as his crowded narrative demonstrates, this combat can have wholesome significances. If Congress is often obscurantist, the 'enlightenment' of the Executive may—under such leaders as Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt—be equally dangerous in its way. Neither idealism nor cynicism is an adequate approach to foreign policy, but a tension between the two may be an improvement. To extend the tug-of-war metaphor, if Congress lets go of its end of the rope, the Executive may find itself not victorious but on its back.

Senator Vandenberg was of course never a cynic. He groped his way out of isolationism to a remarkably mature understanding of international obligations. The story of this evolution is fascinating; it would be hard to find a better casebook of decision-making in Washington, or a better support for Professor Niebuhr's case for a revision of America's traditional habits of thought. It may be doubted whether the years ahead will diminish the dogmatism, arrogance and hysteria he deplores. But his warning is all the more useful on that score; and his reflections, together with those of Senator Vandenberg, are a reminder that the 'semi-official' ideology of liberalism has never altogether crushed the sturdy American practice of self-criticism.

#### Matisse, His Art and His Public. By Alfred H. Barr, Jr. Putnam. £4 4s.

Once upon a time it used to be the easiest thing in the world to write a book about an artist; people would do it at the drop of a hat, and their remoteness from the subject even used to give them a kind of cachet, in the way that some editors use their racing correspondents as art critics. The early signs of promise, the getting up to scribble in cold, forbidden attics at night; the first prize; parental opposition; art school—fame at last, and so on. Anecdotes were more important than dates, social encounters more remarkable than stylistic allegiances. But now a new attitude is noticeable, and its existence is due very largely to the series of monographs on modern artists which during the last fifteen years have been brought out by the Museum of Modern Art in New York. They have always tried to be scholarly, exhaustive and objectively critical. And they have succeeded. We may not always agree with their conclusions, but we must admit that it is difficult to discuss say Picasso or Rouault without reference to the relevant Museum of Modern Art production.

Now to the series has been added a magisterial volume on that phenomenon of French culture, Henri Matisse. The work of Alfred H.

Barr, who was also responsible for the earlier book on Picasso, it lavishes on the Master of Vence something of that careful analysis which an earlier age would have reserved for the Master of the Sistine Chapel. There are nearly six hundred, double-columned pages, eight colour plates—good ones, too—and several hundred black and white illustrations, as well as line blocks in the text. There is a bibliography of two hundred and eighteen items, and most of the artist's dicta and writings are recorded. It is easy enough to be critical of this thoroughness, but more difficult to emulate it.

Mr. Barr has done a job for posterity as well as for his own generation, and he has done it so well that even were history to reveal Matisse as the greatest charlatan who ever put brush to canvas this book would still be invaluable. For it reveals the development of a typical twentieth-century artist, his relationship with his society as represented by critics, patrons and dealers. It illuminates the economic pattern, the period of hardship, when Mme. Matisse had to run a shop to keep the wolf from the studio door. For what is of particular interest in the case of Matisse is that he was always at the very centre of modern art; he was a teacher, a maker of tapestries, a designer, sculptor, and illustrator; he was the chief propagandist of that art of instinct and feeling which was always to run counter to the art of logic and intellect. Whilst the Cubists were dehumanising art, he was humanising it; whilst the abstractionists were cutting away the arabesques of nature, he was restoring them; whilst the Surrealists were dynamiting reasonableness, he was building it up.

Inevitably a book of this kind suffers from occasional repetitiveness. Perhaps, too, the chapel at Vence is given an importance which it does not really deserve. Nevertheless here is Matisse, for anyone to understand, for anyone to meet, and we are in Mr. Barr's debt for the introduction.

#### An Introduction to Welsh Poetry

By Gwyn Williams. Faber. 25s.

Many a Welshman will be grateful to Professor Williams for this fine book, not least among them those who have nearly forgotten their native tongue. Welsh is one of those minor languages which suffer, inevitably, in translation; for those few who are qualified to translate are seldom capable of turning it into an English which can express the fresh complexity of the original. Professor Williams is an exception. He has understood that the harshly-strung, exact prosody of many Celtic poems, not only can be best rendered by, but corresponds to, the freest forms of English verse and he has realised that the official poetry of Wales, however formal or hollow it may be, is always magical and that the worn patterns and the sententious words carry overtones of which they cannot be divested. To have succeeded in conveying these qualities in a different and more sophisticated language is evidence of a rare and welcome perception.

Few people are aware of the delights of Welsh poetry and a book such as this was badly needed: it is only a pity that the Professor is not so good a populariser as he is a translator. There is too much detail for the novice and not enough criticism for the specialist. What criticism there is is often superficial because he has not found a method to measure the difference in quality between the exquisite poetry of the few genuine Welsh poets and the mass of poetry in Welsh. It is not an exaggeration to say that most sentences spoken in Welsh are, in a sense, poetic. The language is so close to its origins that it is easy to mistake the primeval throb for poetry. Thus the rhymes of a man like Sir David Johns ap Dyffryn Clwyd, a Brecon-

shire Samuel Rogers, can bring legitimate tears to one's eyes, for the words which he uses to express the most trifling thoughts have a certain poetic force of their own; but it is very hard for a more profound poet, using the same words, to give to them the force of his own genius. The language has not the resources for a native Keats. It is not subtle enough, exact enough, nor flexible enough.

However, there are real Welsh poets and if most of them are to be found among the *herddorion*, the outsiders who were not upon the princely civil lists, that is not Professor Williams' fault. The bards are the chief subject of his thesis and he has, frankly, overrated their endless chronicles, their chants of glees and their chants of mourning which, in themselves and in his translations, are almost as good as the sagas, but, like the sagas, are not great poetry. The best Welsh poets are lyric, lewd and exquisite; capable of sadness and wit: fusing the wildness of their experience with the drama of their metaphysics. They shock the Professor rather, but where he has included them he has translated them well. Perhaps he could be persuaded to produce an anthology of the best Welsh poetry with the Welsh on one side of the page and the English on the other. Such a book would achieve by design what this book almost achieves by accident: the introduction of the actual poems to a wider audience.

#### The Nandi of Kenya

By G. W. B. Huntingford.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 18s.

Of all the British territories in East Africa, Kenya is the least known ethnographically. Most of the literature on its Native peoples is too popular or too controversial in content to provide the sort of information needed by the anthropologist or, what matters more perhaps in these days, by the Government. The unsuspected organising talent of the Mau Mau, for instance, indicates how valuable a careful scientific record of the Kikuyu social system would have proved at the present time. For this reason Mr. Huntingford's little book is welcome. The Nandi, a predominantly cattle-keeping people remotely allied to the Masai, were conquered by force about fifty years ago, and some of their land was subsequently alienated for White settlement. Although they have had to submit to European domination, they are apparently by no means resigned to their lot; they proved troublesome in 1923 and 1932, and the young men still 'regard as their lawful prey' the cattle of neighbouring farmers.

Mr. Huntingford, who is the author of several other publications about the Nandi, deals in his book with only certain aspects of their culture, notably territorial and age organisation, military system, government and law, and religion. He writes with experience and authority; he lived among the people for twenty years as teacher and farmer, and has had some training in anthropology. Occasionally he is difficult to understand, as when discussing religion or analysing the system of age-sets, and several of the details he records (such as the meanings of place-names) might well have been reserved for a technical journal. But his accounts of local administration and of the legal system, both traditional and modern, should be very useful to Government officers, and he also has a valuable section on the ritual leaders (*orkoik*), some of whom he terms 'seditious agents'. His book is not likely to be rated highly by anthropologists, since he does not deal adequately with many of the topics in which they are interested. It is, however, the best of the few studies yet published of the Nandi, and also a competent introduction to some of the administrative problems of modern Kenya.



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## Television Broadcasting

### DOCUMENTARY

#### Press Conference

AS AN AMERICAN presidential candidate, Adlai Stevenson endured the worst that television can do to a man. Hence, 'Press Conference' the other night was no great test for him. He was intimidated neither by the Muggeridge cut and thrust nor by the pedantry of Vallance. He pitched the ball back with practised ease and was only momentarily put off his stroke by Vallance's cheek in saying in effect that 'we all hope, of course, that you will become President next time': who is Vallance, what is he, to speak with such an amplitude of assurance in these public circumstances? That the Governor brought new distinction, greater weight, to 'Press Conference' there can be no question. His platitudes were skilfully wrought and his personality was wholly sympathetic, or so it seemed to me, with its irresistible suggestion of a shy man braving the limelight for a cause. Relatively little of a nation's political thinking comes from those who actively conduct its politics. Mostly it is done for them by minds preferring a donnish anonymity. Here was a politician who can think for himself and who can coat his thoughts with a verbal shine that makes him outstanding in his kind.

Not presuming to speak for all the viewers, I liked Governor Stevenson and I thought it a good thing for 'Press Conference' that he appeared in it. The series has more than once justified our highest expectations, though rarely more so, I fancy, than on this occasion. Its potential merits hold out a hope of more successes to follow. 'Press Conference' is capable of becoming a focal point of the week for a large viewing audience, though it may never reach the ultimate dense mass for whom picture is more important than word. At its best it can make a valuable contribution to civilised opinion. At its worst—recalling that session on hotel meals and other amenities offered by this country to its foreign visitors—it helps to supply welcome relief from the national parlour games endemic now in B.B.C. programme planning.

'Lynmouth' was a worth-while programme concept, by no means frustrated by a succession of grey-toned pictures and some not quite expert interviewing with the microphone. It set out to tell the story of Lynmouth's recovery from the disaster which fell on it a year ago. The camera went tracking through the little town with a neighbourly eye intent less on seeing how the relief fund has been spent than on showing us how Lynmouth faces its future. With microphone help, it illustrated planning and anti-planning sentiment clearly and fairly, Frank Gillard umpiring discreetly between the two sides. A frieze of friendly local faces, making a background for every outdoor shot, demonstrated that

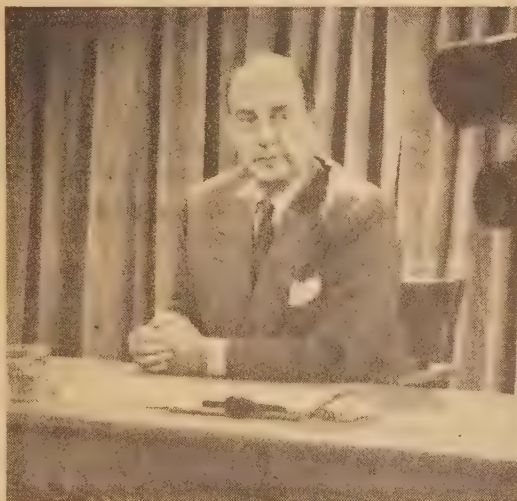
this was an occasion for Lynmouth as well as for us viewers, who gaped back with quiet satisfaction at the evidence of calamity met and conquered. I have not been to Lynmouth. Now, after this television visit, I expect to find memory deluding me into believing that I have been there, which may be just too bad for Lynmouth.

After seeing Putney High Street for the third time in Christopher Mayhew's queerish programme, 'It Depends What You See', my

people of her generation or thereabouts. She was the widow of Swinburne's friend, Theodore Watts-Dunton. When a particularly fervent Swinburne devotee ventured to say: 'It must have been wonderful to live in the same house as Swinburne!', Mrs. Watts-Dunton replied gravely: 'Oh, indeed—yes'. Then, turning to me, she said, *sotto voce*: 'It was—awful, sometimes'.

Please believe that there is no suggestion here of transferring that critical comment to the present subject of consideration. But having had my little private reminiscent smile in the dark, I attended once more to the screen—and there was Putney High Street, and that rushing furniture van, coming up for the fourth—or could it be the fifth?—time. This B.B.C. television film excursion into the psychology of observation took us to the fringes of metaphysics and left us no wiser than we were before. Pointless? Well, not so much that as witless, I thought, though I quite liked the cameraman's alleged ruminations. Somewhere behind it all there had been an idea. Presumably it was lost in what I can imaginé were endless discussions leading finally to this abortive production. It did nothing that I could see to enhance Christopher Mayhew's television reputation.

REGINALD POUND



Adlai Stevenson in 'Press Conference' on July 29

attention was coaxed away from the screen by a recollection not wholly irrelevant in that it concerns a house close to that High Street if it is not part of it. Once at a party I was introduced to an elderly lady with reddish hair and a high-pink complexion who displayed her little finger conspicuously as she drank coffee and who, I had observed, received the homage of various

### DRAMA

#### Two Plays

'TROUBLE IN THE SUN' by Hugh Popham gave us little trouble in the dark. It was a perfectly acceptable, predictable, actable comedy of the kind which chiefly occurs now, I think, on the stages and of course also the screens of the English-speaking race. It is a mild comedy, meaning avoided tragedy, set against a background of the kind called 'native', with an awful lot of drumming and jabbering in the background.

This is dramatic, this background, but not powerfully atmospheric; we do not feel the West Indies much affect the decisions of the characters. Of these, one is a journalist who has sloughed off Fleet Street and made his home on 'Turtle Island', an island paradise where, however, one may live a good old home-counties life ('sherry or gin?') and not pander to strong, fancy feelings about the beauties of the Life Simple (with handicrafts). He has a daughter, a cautionary child of the kind the late Hilaire Belloc wrote so wonderfully about. She is a tiresome little thing with a squeaky voice and early on we guess that the 'natives', all guile and tiptoes, will make away with her, but that she will be brought back alive—in the end. Her mother is the real fly in the Turtle soup, however; an ex-actress; not a brilliant, selfish, showy semi-failure like Chekhov's Arkadina, but an ex-rep, matey 'trouper', who at once falls for a kindred spirit, Rex or Roy, no—Jerry, with smooth



Roma Fairley showing a falcon in 'Possible Pets', a programme from the London Zoo, on July 31





'Golden Rain' on August 2, with (standing) Brian Worth as Roger Strawbridge and Rona Anderson as Catherine Strawbridge; (seated) Dandy Nichols as Mrs. Tuckett



Right: Act III of 'The Seraglio', televised from Glyndebourne on July 30, with (left to right) Helmut Krebs as Belmonte, Sari Barabas as Constanze, Carl Ebert as Pasha Selim, Murray Dickie as Pedrillo, Fritz Ollendorf as Osmin, and Emmy Loose as Blonde

ways and not very alluring invitations to a week at home in London, 'doing all the night clubs'.

Oh, how madam yearns for home: here she is in a bathing suit, has that very morning caught a barracuda, and has had about six cigarettes in succession, but the thought of all those London night clubs is just too much. When Rex or Roy—no, Jerry, I see—leans over and begs a kiss, she melts, whereupon little Miss Mischief comes in at the French window, takes a stunned look, and races out again, later to blow the gaff to papa.

But there is a sterner theme; some Austrian refugees, full of bitter wisdom and an understandably ruthless (if rather uncharacteristic) desire to make for themselves a new 'existenz' on this island—they were in a concentration camp, of course—set up as moral arbiters in a dispute about evacuating some 'natives', so that irrigation schemes may go forward to the benefit of the island. The scene where these people, all engaged in a drinky, nostalgic conversation, did what we were hoping it would; it brought them into the round. The talk was only so-so, but it advanced and, with careful direction and acting, imposed itself as something shallow yet genuinely felt. I wished it could have gone on, like a superior conversazione.

What followed in the way of action and resolution of the social and matrimonial problem did not quite fulfil expectation. Little Mischief was kidnapped by padding darkies; madam, she from the Festival Theatre long ago, did not go to the night clubs of Piccadilly after all but stayed loyally on the island; the tensed-up husband seemed mollified when his child was recovered unhurt and, after asking his wife what had come between them—was it the island?—seemed prepared to let bygones be bygones. At least, Mr. and Mrs. Baxter were holding hands and praising the scenery when we last saw them. How the whining, worldly-wise, sorrowful Austrian couple felt at the end of the evening was less clearly brought out, but if Mrs. Baxter had been saved from those night clubs and saved from trying her hand at the stage once more, then the outcome must be called reasonably cheerful.

The excellent players, working well together in an idiom of cosy intimacy were Hugh Burden and Joyce Heron (Britain in the West Indies), André Morell and the beautiful Rosalie Crutchley (Austria and Turtle Island). Margaret McCourt was the little consolation, and Michael

Evans the tempter. Campbell Logan produced smoothly, and Cy Grant put in some nice work with a guitar.

Harold Chapin's 'Art and Opportunity', a former Marie Tempest success, made a pleasant country house evening, in a sound production by Stephen Harrison. It is the one about the widow of charm who gets the better of the ducal family who feel she is not a good match for the callow son and heir. It gives the sly lady a whole succession of amusing high comedy scenes to play, and Dulcie Gray, without forcing the note at all, made us think that plays of the second class used to be better fun to act than those of today; a nice performance. Agitating comically in her wake were David Horne, Peter Hammond, Michael Shepley, and David Markham, the secretary who lands the prize at last.

There were some pleasant musical events:



Dulcie Gray as Pauline Cheverelle, and David Horne as the Earl of Worpleston, in 'Art and Opportunity' on July 28

opera from Sussex, Rachmaninov concerting from the Proms, a smiling pianist, Betty Eggleton, and, not least, the Lyra Club 'Schuhplattler'.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

#### Sound Broadcasting

#### DRAMA

#### Queer Cards

THERE IS A CHARMING moment in the late James Bridie's 'Jonah and the Whale' when the Prophet Jonah, having been called upon 'among well-bred applause' to give a talk on 'The Approaching Doom' to the women's Semiramis Club at the Hotel Baal in Ninevah, begins: 'O you unconscionable covey of strumpets . . . !' I remembered this during 'The Lodger' (Light) while Mr. Sleuth, surely the tetchiest guest that ever plagued landlord or landlady, dived with angry zeal into the heart of the Old Testament. Mr. Sleuth, among the queerest cards in a week of queer cards, had the luck to borrow Robert Farquharson's voice, one that on occasion can open its claws and pounce. It is a kind of dragon-voice, now trailing in sinister calm, now all fire-and-slaughter. 'Our lodger is our lodger, and that's all he is', say his hosts in pathetic goodwill; but they know, as well as we do, that a snarling fellow in an Inverness cape, given to odd 'experiments', to night-prowling, and to ensanguined quotation, cannot be divorced entirely from the 'Avenger' murders that are terrorising late-Victorian London. The play, made by Felix Felton from the Belloc Lowndes novel, keeps our flesh creeping until the last few minutes when, for some reason, the whole thing fizzles away, fades like the steam of the dragon's breath. That is a pity, for—thanks to Mr. Farquharson—Sleuth at his fiercest is no turnip-lantern of a man, but a compound of the fiend Asmodeus and of Stevenson's Edward Hyde.

We get queer cards enough in a version of Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne's 'The Ebb Tide' (Home). Certainly the most redoubtable is the Cockney rat Huish, who has a peculiarly horrible fate: he is blinded by his own vitriol. John Carol chose for him the kind of whine that I still associate with a tramcar climbing a steep rise. Even so, the actor was less compelling than Donald Pleasence (this is his own radio



play) who put Huish upon the stage last year. I feel that the 'Ebb Tide' quartet must be both heard and seen, especially during the passage on that not-too-pacific isle. Dennis Arundell came off best with tones that fixed the mocking confidence, the ruthlessness of the bigot Attwater (hot ice and wondrous strange snow). Herrick and the Captain seemed to me to find the going harder—or was the fault mine?—though Peter Watts, who produced, did everything to summon trading schooner and coral isle.

There is no need to see 'Le Médecin Malgré Lui'. It is natural radio (as Wilfrid Grantham cheerfully realised). George Graveley, who is a ready hand at the business, had made sure that Molière's brief text (Third) reached us in flexible English, not in the crack-jaw of early translations. I cannot recall now what he did with my favourite odd line from an eighteenth-century version, 'And s'bobs, don't latterlammas it any further'; but there were such obvious improvements as 'You're a fool to meddle where you have no business' for 'You are a sot to come thrusting in your oar where you have nothing to do', and 'I got you a sound beating into the bargain' for 'Yes, 'twas you that procured me I know not how many thwacks of a cudgel'. Maurice Denham, who will pass from 'Much-Binding' to Molière in the flick of an eyelash, vastly enjoyed Sangarelle's foaming jargon; and it was agreeable to have the bat-fluttering of Richard Gooldeen and the aerated tones of Charles Lloyd Pack.

In 'A Life of Bliss' (Home), the queer card is Bliss himself, acted by David Tomlinson. This is one of those gentle entertainments in which the principal butt must make an idiot of himself whenever he opens his mouth. I switched on with doubt and was sorry when time was up. Godfrey Harrison has the trick of writing lines for the tangled tongue, and Mr. Tomlinson—as the shyest of men, a bachelor far from gay—has the trick of projecting them. We may have a bit of Bliss. The preliminary glance at him was candid. 'He should go right to the top', says his boss, 'and then jump'. He simmers with ambiguities. 'I wonder if I can see you to-night', he asks his adored. 'I can't think of anything else'. Glum in print maybe, the script is brisk enough on the air. One complaint. The only thing less funny than a barking dog is a crying baby: the programme used both.

All of the people in 'Riders of the Range' (Light) are aces. The first words I caught the other night were, in effect, 'Get back to work!'—'What, and have the Injuns take our scalps!' Some may hold sourly that the 'riders' in this instalment could have been re-named 'the railway children'. Still, I submit that there are times (this was one of them) when a combination of trains, Redskins, and cowboys is impregnable. Westward the land was bright.

J. C. TREWIN

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Men, Beasts and Atmospheric

WERE 'THE CRITICS' UNUSUALLY dull last week? I didn't think so, as far as I was able to listen; but my set, it seemed, thought otherwise, for no sooner were they well under way than it packed up, refused to swallow another mouthful. In vain I tempted it with other dainties from Home, Light, and Third. It was obdurate: evidently something vital had gone phut. Now I must confess that in my days of unprofessional listening I used to be aware of a secret joy when this happened. To realise that however much one twiddled those knobs not a sound would emerge, but rather a silence audible, was wonderfully soothing. But nowadays it is different. Panic seizes me, for bricks cannot be made without straw, while, on the other hand, bricks may be dropped by a critic who criticises pro-

grammes he has not heard, because—who knows?—some of them may have been cancelled. Luckily for me, in the present case a kind friend lent me an old 'portable' and the situation was saved, or partially. Partially, because this portable, it turns out, is a deplorably impressionable little thing, a prey to every red herring of the air. Consequently most of my listening last week was suddenly and irreverently interrupted by buoyant whoops and wheezings or the gross blurring of some remark in Morse. These impertinent noises, in themselves disarmingly roguish, quickly tune up the listening critic to a state of dangerous exasperation. And so I was glad there were no discussions last week. It was hard enough to follow the argument of single talkers. In pursuit of them I travelled far in space and through four centuries of time.

'Jungle Ranch' landed me four days' mule ride from the nearest white man at a spot in the South American jungle where Ross Salmon ran a cattle ranch, recruiting his cowboys from the native Indian tribes. He is, or seems to be, one of those to whom broadcasting comes naturally, like breathing. His description of his ranch and the lives and customs of his neighbours, the Indians, made very good listening. And so did 'Jungle Detective' by Arthur Catherall. This jungle, so far from being in South America, was in Burma, where, as temporary adjutant of a camp, Mr. Catherall was 'told off'—as one is, in the army—to discover the whereabouts and the thief of two thousand pounds' worth of camp stores which were unaccountably missing. The recital of his attempt and eventual success had all the elements of an excellent short story. 'Progress and Purpose in Evolution' by W. H. Thorpe, F.R.S., an admirable broadcast both in substance and delivery, was one of those talks which, for most listeners, are too full of ideas to be properly assimilated at one hearing—the kind of talk, in fact, which is to some extent wasted unless printed in THE LISTENER, where to my relief and satisfaction, it appeared last week.

Two talks by David Green on historic gardens planned by such designers as Du Cerceau, Le Nôtre, or Henry Wise, took us back to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In the first talk he described most invitingly the recreated sixteenth-century gardens at Villandry in Touraine where even the kitchen-garden is formally set out in box-hedged compartments, the vegetables being carefully arranged according to their colours and heights. In the second talk he spoke of 'The Gardens of André Le Nôtre', but here I was much harassed by the mischievous larks of the air-demons, and it was this that put it into my head to spend the 'Night in the Zoo' with Ludwig Koch. There surely, among the nocturnal cries of wild beasts, morse and atmospheric would sink into insignificance.

Actually the mere threat of such competition put them to flight and the air was clear as, welcomed by the donkey's good-night bray, I entered the Zoo and was introduced by Mr. Koch to the nocturnal expletives of tapirs, coyotes, sea-lions, hyenas, fruit-bats, jackals, gibbons, porcupines, penguins, chimpanzees, Tasmanian Devils, and goodness knows how many other sleepless birds and beasts, to which from time to time Mr. Koch did not scruple to add his own milder contributions by way of explanatory notes. Never was such an inextricable tangle of strange sounds—woeful emetic heaves, brutish barks, dismal eruptions, blood-freezing howls, shrieks of the damned, and the subdued but persistent sounds of slate-pencils assiduously scribbling on slates. Clearly a lugubrious night was being had by all and I was relieved when a premature dawn, just twenty minutes after our arrival at dusk, brought this impressive experience to a close. 'A nocturnal

symphony' indeed! I felt I had been eaves-dropping on the contracted woe of the whole animal kingdom.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## BROADCAST MUSIC

### At the Proms

AFTER THE WHOOPEE of the opening night, when the platform and pianoforte were draped with fair-ground streamers, the Proms settled down into their stride last week. I did pop over to the Albert Hall on that first night in one of the intervals of 'William Tell', arriving just in time for Vaughan Williams' 'London' Symphony. The somewhat feverish atmosphere seemed to have infected Sir Malcolm Sargent, who dashed through the first movement at such a pace that I was not tempted to forgo the less familiar 'Tell'. Still, it is a portent to find this noble symphony, which used to be played to half-empty halls, taking its place in a popular programme. And I note that on the final evening of the season the 'Serenade to Music' has replaced the 'Sea-song Fantasia' as a tribute to the memory of the founder, a worthier tribute to one who always maintained the dignity of music.

During the last week Sir Malcolm Sargent conducted a number of symphonies, among them Brahms' First and Mozart's last. The C minor Symphony was given a spacious and well-proportioned performance, which would have lent distinction to a grand 'Symphony Concert'. The policy of spreading the work between several orchestras and conductors is evidently bearing fruit in the standard of performance. The C major Symphony of Mozart went even better, and there was some first-rate playing by the wood-winds of the B.B.C. Orchestra in the slow movement, which was beautifully phrased. The accompaniment, if that is the word, to Denis Matthews' performance of Mozart's Concerto in C minor was no less excellent and, with Mr. Matthews as soloist, it need hardly be said that this gave one unalloyed pleasure.

In Wednesday's programme there was a novelty, Lennox Berkeley's Concerto for Flute and Orchestra. The medium obviously posed problems of balance, which Berkeley with his feeling for limpid texture is singularly well-fitted to solve. And he has solved it not by writing pale, thin music with nothing above *mezzo-forte* but by a skilful adjustment of balance and by his flair for clear, unclouded orchestration. So the first movement is unusually strong for a work of this kind. I am not sure, after a single hearing, whether it quite comes off, but there is no doubt about the lyrical slow movement or the brilliant finale, in which John Francis, the flautist, was called upon to perform some prodigious feats. On the following evening Dennis Brain gave a comparable display of virtuosity and fine musicianship in one of Mozart's Horn Concertos and in Britten's 'Serenade'. The last, though not a work for a vast auditorium, came over the air extremely well. I doubt if Peter Pears has ever sung it better, his voice coming away with more freedom than usual and with a finer ring. To complete the catalogue of concertos for wind-instruments, there was Gerald Finzi's poetical work for clarinet, well played by Gervase de Peyer as the centre-piece in an attractive programme given by the London Chamber Orchestra under Anthony Bernard.

The procession of festival performances of opera brought us 'Don Giovanni' from Salzburg under the direction of Furtwängler. The performance was apparently given on a permanent set, for there were no pauses whatever between the scenes—to the enormous improvement of the dramatic effect. The only previous performance in which this has been achieved, so far as my experience goes, was in the Residenz



Theater in Munich, which was equipped with a revolving stage. The performance had many admirable qualities, especially in the playing of the Vienna Orchestra, but, considering Furtwängler's normal practice, one was surprised at the lack of nervous tension in such dramatic movements as the quartet, 'Non ti fidar', in Act I and the sextet in Act II. The singing was good without reaching exceptional heights. Siepi's voice lacks the brightness required for the Don, Schwarzkopf's brilliance for 'Mi tradi', while Elisa-

beth Grümmer failed to rise to the dramatic stature of 'Or sai che l'onore' and the preceding recitative. Anton Dermota as usual sang Ottavio's music well and Erna Berger made an admirable Zerlina.

The most praiseworthy feature of the broadcast of Humperdinck's 'Die Königskinder' was the timed synopsis printed in *Radio Times* which enabled one to follow precisely every step in the action. The opera itself was a bore. The application of the whole Wagnerian apparatus,

vocal and orchestral, and the Wagnerian pace of movement to a fairy-tale for children produced a cumbersome work in 'Hansel and Gretel'. But at least there were some good tunes. In 'Königskinder' there are hardly any, and what could only be treated, with any hope of success, in a light fantastic manner is weighed down by the burden of slow, hour-long acts. A fine cast of singers wasted their efforts upon this morbid, if not wholly dead, donkey.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach

By STANLEY GODMAN

The first of five programmes of music by C. P. E. Bach will be broadcast at 6.30 p.m. on Monday, August 10 (Third)

C. P. E. BACH enjoyed the inestimable privilege of his father's tuition. 'In composition and keyboard performance I have never had any teacher but my father'. He revered, though he did not entirely understand, the achievement of J. S. Bach. It is true that he plundered the St. Matthew Passion for his own Passion of 1769, but he performed the Credo of the Mass in B minor intact in 1786. Among his great collection of over 400 portraits he conserved portraits of the Bach family, including the fine Haussmann picture of J. S. Bach which now hangs in a Dorset cottage. Characteristically, however, he was prepared to part with such treasures from his father's collection as Ammerbach's *Orgel-Tabulatur* of 1571 and the unique copy of the 1538 edition of the *Gesangbuch der böhmischen Brüder*, both of which he gave to Dr. Burney. Such heirlooms belonged to a past which had already reached its ultimate consummation in his father's work.

Nevertheless, even in his own most personal and historical achievements, the establishment of the sonata form which he bequeathed to Haydn and Mozart, and the elaboration of a deeply expressive style of playing, he was still the son of his great father. Several of the preludes in the '48' adumbrate classical sonata form and C. P. E. Bach himself acknowledged his debt to the 'singing style of playing' which his father had cultivated and which the son made his 'principal aim'.

For the early eighteenth-century theorists, such as Mattheson and Scheibe, 'playing and composing as vocally as possible' implied not merely imitating the natural melody of song but attempting to express the concepts and emotions which the singer conveys in words. In the clavier, the darling instrument of the 'Age of Sensibility', C. P. E. Bach found the supreme means for the delicately shaded expression of human emotions, bringing his music so close to words at times that the poet Gerstenberg showed a true insight when he set the great C minor Fantasia of 1753 to the words (slightly edited) of Hamlet's monologue 'To be or not to be'.

The 'Hamlet' Fantasia was the last of the '18 Probestücke' (specimen pieces) attached to the *Essay on the True Art of Playing the Clavier* on which Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven were all soundly nourished in their youth. The six Sonatas which make up the eighteen pieces abound in extraordinary anticipations of the Vienna school. Compare, for instance, the *allegro scilicet* of No. 4 with the *adagio* of Mozart's F major Sonata (K.280). Some of the opening *allegri*, however, revert to the brilliance of J. S. Bach and Scarlatti. No. 5 is a notable amalgam: Bachian *allegro*; Mozartian *adagio*; Haydnian *rondo*.

The 'Six Sonatas for Clavier, with altered Reprises' of 1760 (followed by two further sets) are intended to illustrate Bach's theory of variation: 'there must be a vision of the whole piece so that the variation will retain the original contrasts'. But the didactic purpose is easily forgotten and the music, noble and Handelian in the slow movements, bubbling over with humour in the quick, is richly enjoyable in itself. So are the 'Charakterstücke', mostly depicting the composer's lady friends. One of these, 'La Boehmer' (a *presto* that admittedly sounds more like an excited bandmaster than a lady, however 'fast') was used as the finale in Mozart's Piano Concerto K.40.

No survey, however cursory, of Bach's vast output should omit the two most touching works of his old age: the 'Abschied von meinem Silbermannschen Clavier'—a heart-felt leave-taking of the famous clavichord on which he had played for thirty-five years—and the great Fantasia, 'C. P. E. Bachs Empfindungen', built around a pathetic *adagio* and a haunting *largo*, each of which is repeated in different keys three times. (Only the second version, with violin accompaniment, ends with a cheerful *allegro*.) Sonatas, Fantasias, and 'Characteristic pieces' represent the finest of his output but that he could also write brilliant harpsichord music in a more traditional style is well exemplified in his '12 Variations on the Follia' of which the fourth is a workmanlike canon (despite his contempt for that form).

Bach's life is divided into two clear-cut periods: Leipzig, Frankfurt-on-the-Oder, and Berlin until 1767: the rest of his life until his death in 1788 he spent as Cantor and Music Director of the five principal churches in Hamburg. Keyboard and chamber music characterise the first period, church music the second. He continued to produce much instrumental music until his death, however, and the late Piano Quartets are notable examples of the influence of his disciple Haydn (whose 'Russian' quartets Bach almost certainly heard in 1783). But the major output of the second period is church music and, secondary in importance though it is, it is only just that two of the five concerts in this Third Programme series are to be devoted to vocal works. The 'Magnificat' (1749) is pre-Hamburg, but Bach later performed it in Hamburg and used the 'Et misericordia' in his Passion of 1769. The opening chorus has a fine Handelian vigour and breadth, with an accompanying figure taken from J. S. Bach's setting. For 'Quia fecit' Bach takes the 'Sleepers wake' theme (tenor solo); the impressive but restlessly chromatic chorus 'Et misericordia' lacks the serenity of his father's setting: the firm rock of faith has crumbled. From J. S. Bach he also borrows the 'Fecit potentiam' and 'Depo:uit' themes, though treating them less dramatically.

'Suscepit Israel', a fine alto solo but with a morbid streak, leads to a resounding 'Gloria' and a 'Sicut erat' fugue almost worthy of J. S. Bach. Nothing could be more revealing both of the indebtedness of son to father and also of the historic divergence of their two styles and outlooks than a confrontation of their respective settings of the Magnificat. Incidentally, the American recording of the C. P. E. Bach setting covers only three of the eight items (though it should be noted that Marion Anderson sings the 'Suscepit' aria).

The oratorio 'The Israelites in the Desert', of which there have been only rare modern performances (Munich, 1864, excerpts at a Musical Association meeting in London in 1907, and a recent performance by the Collegium Musicum of the University of Cologne, conducted by Dr. Hüsch), fully deserves a hearing. From an unpublished letter by C. P. E. Bach (British Museum Add.MS. 29261) we learn that Gluck performed the work in Vienna in 1777 (Bach calls it his 'quaint, old-fashioned Israelites'). To Bach's surprise Gluck was warm in its praise. The work revolves around Moses' smiting water from the rock. Moses (baritone) is introduced after a wailing chorus of Israelites, by an impressive *sinfonia* (trumpets, drums, woodwind, strings), and has some noble arias. The water rushing from the rock is depicted, as one expects, by rushing passages for the violins in a fine chorus of thanksgiving. There is an effective use of chromatic progressions throughout.

A year before his death Bach wrote a setting of Ramler's cantata 'The Resurrection and Ascension of Jesus', which Mozart performed at the Hoftheater in Vienna in 1788. Listeners to this work will hardly need a reminder that C. P. E. Bach was a leading Handelian. (He performed 'Messiah' in Hamburg in 1775 and included 'I know that my Redeemer liveth' and the 'Hallelujah' Chorus in the concert in which he gave the Credo from his father's Mass.) After a somewhat morbid chorus, 'But Thou wilt not leave his soul in hell', there is an astonishing bass recitative, 'Judah trembles', accompanied by throbbing drums and quivering strings. The triumph of the Easter victory is nobly handled, and the fugue at the end of Part I, 'Ours is the victory, thanks be to God', conceived on the broadest Handelian lines. Part II has some touching scenes on the Road to Emmaus and in the Upper Room (doubting Thomas' aria is superb). The unaccompanied unison shouts, 'The Lord is King!' repeated a tone higher, like 'King of Kings' in Handel's 'Hallelujah', will be thrilling to hear. When one remembers that the work is contemporaneous with the romantically introspective *Empfindungen* of 1787, one realises the astonishing combination of gifts in this worthy son of the great Sebastian.



Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

CLEANING YOUR JEWELLERY

MOST OF US have a string of artificial pearls. They are apt to pick up a film of grease from the natural oils in the skin, and this grease holds the dust. If they are only slightly dirty you can clean them by rubbing with a silk handkerchief, working it gently between the beads. If they are still discoloured, and the dirt is hard to move, mix a little cream of tartar to a paste and coat the beads with it. Let it dry, rub gently off, and polish with a silk handkerchief. 'Gently' is the important word in dealing with artificial pearls. They differ greatly in quality and material, but all have a 'skin' of pearl-coating over a glass-bead centre. This skin will scratch and peel off if you are at all rough. Do not use hot water or soap-suds for this job.

I know many women who have a favourite ring which they never take off, and the back gets filled with a congealed deposit of mixed soap and dirt. Give the piece a good soaking in hot ammonia and water, and brush up with chalk when quite dry. (You must not do this if there are pearls or turquoises in the ring, because this treatment would discolour them and loosen the settings). Many women tell me that they use gin or methylated spirit to clean their rings. I do not advise this. Ordinary commercial methylated spirit is not pure enough, and gin has an oily quality which makes it unsuitable. It is true that pure alcohol would dissolve the grease but, after all, ammonia and water are much more easily come by and just as effective. However thick the dirt may be, do not be tempted to poke about with a pin or some such thing to free it.

With nearly all paste-set jewellery the rule is

'dry cleaning'. The brilliance of pastes depends largely on the metal foil which backs them, and if this gets wet it will discolour and spoil their lustre. Also, a good deal of paste jewellery has the stones cemented in, and wet cleaning would loosen them. Again, you need a soft brush and some French chalk. Brush the piece briskly all over, front and back. Dry cleaning is also necessary for jewellery set with pearls and turquoises. And that is the way to treat a piece of marcasite. If you have any of the high-grade paste jewellery which is not foiled, and where the stones are set open-backed, then you can use the hot water and ammonia method.

WINIFRED JOEL

SAUSAGES AND BEER

A way of making a plain dish more exciting is to use beer to cook it in. It is quite a good old English custom, and although we do not put beer in anything much nowadays, except Christmas pudding and Welsh Rabbit, I would like you to try beer with sausages.

Brown the sausages thoroughly in a little fat and put in a bay leaf and a few peppercorns to cook with them as they are frying. Then pour in half a pint of beer and let it boil away quickly until it has reduced in quantity a little. Then pour in some more beer, just enough to cover the sausages, bring to the boil again, and let them simmer for a quarter of an hour or so, with a lid or plate on the pan. Taste the gravy to see if it is salt enough, then strain it and thicken with fat and flour. If you have browned the sausages properly the sauce should be well coloured.

Mild draught ale is used by most cooks; but use old ale when you can get it: it will give a darker and richer sauce.

AMBROSE HEATH

Notes on Contributors

- RICHARD GOOLD-ADAMS (page 203): on the staff of *The Economist*  
DAVID KRIVINE (page 206): formerly a British citizen now resident in Israel; correspondent of the International Labour Office in Israel  
REV. MICHAEL SCOTT (page 211): Hon Director of African Bureau; previously a missionary in south-west Africa; appeared before the U.N. Trusteeship Committee to plead for the Hereros; author of *Shadow over Africa*  
ASA BRIGGS (page 213): Reader in Economic and Social History, Oxford University  
DOUGLAS VEALE, C.B.E., LL.D. (page 215): Registrar of Oxford University since 1930; Fellow of Corpus Christi College; member of the Colonial University Grants Advisory Committee  
DAVID GREEN (page 217): author of *Country Neighbours*, *Blenheim Palace*, etc.  
NORMAN NICHOLSON (page 222): poet, playwright, and critic; author of *William Cowper*, *Wordsworth*, *H. G. Wells*, *Cumberland and Westmorland*, etc.  
M. R. RIDLEY (page 223): Lecturer in English, Bedford College, London University; Fellow and Tutor in English Literature, Balliol College, Oxford 1920-1945; editor of *New Temple Shakespeare*; author of *Keats' Craftsmanship*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,214. Hexagrammatos. By Duplex

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, August 13

The word-chain, commencing at 1 and running clockwise to the centre of the puzzle, consists of twenty-seven words, comprising the author's full name, the title of the verse, and the verse.

Lyric: If the novelist, critic, and satirist, had lived today, he might have based his words on some discontented people making use of other means of supplementing their food rations.

CLUES

(Where the words are indirect, three numbers will suffice to show the running of the words).

- 2-31-44. 'And he walked a crooked —' (mixed) (4)  
3-21. Found in negotiating (3)  
4-46. Polly had pretty little ones (4)  
5-33. 'Beyond their utmost purple —' (mixed) (3)  
6-34. River—to Masfield a drink (3)  
7-36-35. 'And the nice conduct of a clouded —' (mixed) (4)  
9-8-24. Can't be done to a broken kneck, according to Scott (3)  
10-37. In 'A Public Breakfast' (3)  
12-39. Biblically spread in vain (3)  
13-28-27. What Dobson intended (3)  
14-30-41. Wise men fail to keep their fry (3)  
15-41. Think before you do this, wrote Rossetti (3)  
16-50. 'A — of warm sea-scented beach' (mixed) (4)  
17-43. He started music early (3)  
18-44-32. Undoubtedly unclean (5)  
18-1. Liquor which gains success in growing (4)  
19-20. Speed merchants? (6)  
22-33-34. Tusser's view of the sun and wind (3)  
23-35-34. It dies with sleep (3)  
25-37-47. Knife-Grinder's perforated headwear  
26-11. It is out when wine is in (3)

- 39-57. They speak the truth, said Thoreaux (3)  
41-50-51. 'Shake off dull —' (mixed) (5)  
42-17. It was Monstrous and the Lord and Master of Earth (3)  
48-55-54. Divine likened to an acorned one (3)  
49-40-29. Cost of two sparrows, less the inanimate object (3)  
53-59. A sleepy Land? (3)  
56-38. 'Forbear thou great good husband, little —' (anag) (3)  
58-52-45. 'Leave thy low-vaulted —' (anag) (4)

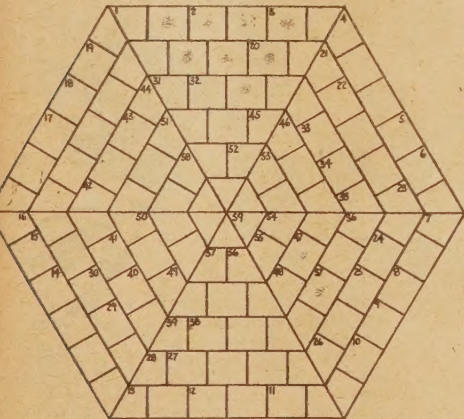
Solution of No. 1,212

A	1	6	4	1	7	B	5	C	3	D	3	1	6
1	E	2	3	4	7	3	3	0	4	1			
4	9	F	2	7	9	2	2	G	4	1	2		
H	1	2	7	J	2	3	K	3	1	5	8		
M	N	P	8	4	O	2	6	3	1				
2	1	9	8	4	O	2	6	3	1				
9	4	O	4	6	9	4	7	W	X	3			
0	6	4	0	Z	2	8	1	1	1				
9	6	9	3	1	2	3	9	0	8				
J	9	1	0	0	M	0	0	2	0	5			
1	2	6	3	1	4	6	1	3	5				

NOTES

The initial and final digits a . . . b of each square root are connected by the relation:  $a=b^2$  or  $b^2-10$ ,  $b^2-20$ , etc., and their positions can be determined from the given numbers of digits in each. There is only one possibility for the innermost square.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: R. McN. Alexander (Lisburn); 2nd prize: A. E. Nicholson (Coventry); 3rd prize: W. Clarke (London, W.C.1).





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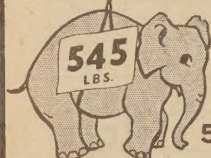
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